"THE SCARLET RIBBON," A FINE DETECTIVE STORY, BEGINS NEXT WEEK.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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# A DAUGHTER OF JEZEBEL;

## Or, The Blackmailers of Gotham. By T. C. HARBAUGH.

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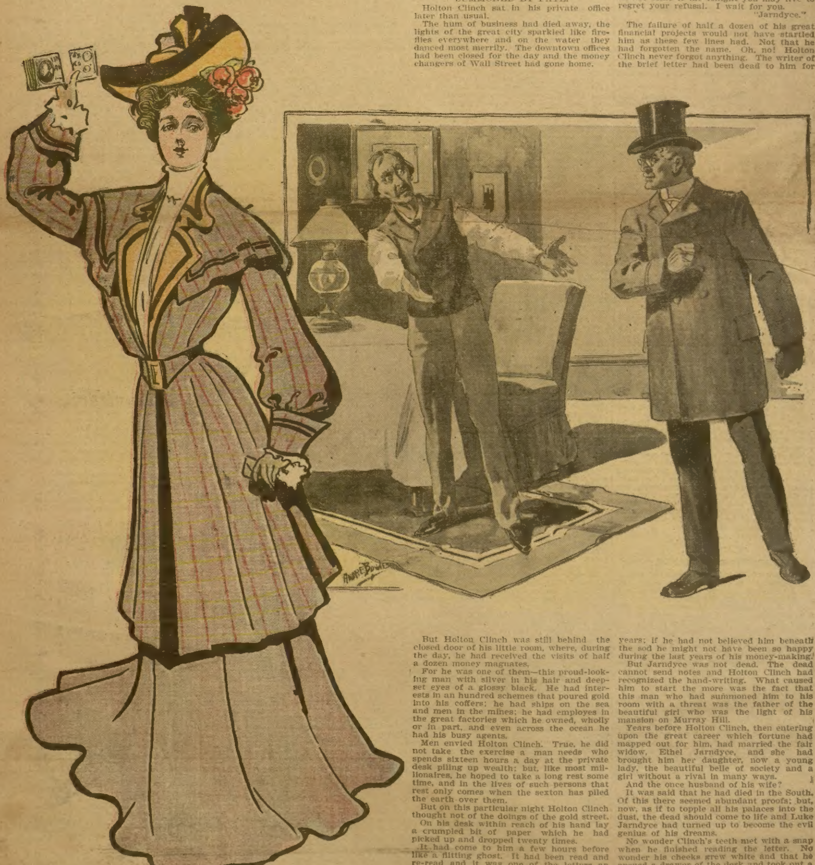
### CHAPTER I.

### SUMMONED BY FATE.

Holton Clinch sat in his private office later than usual.

The hum of business had died away, the lights of the great city sparkled like fireflies everywhere and on the water they danced most merrily. The downtown offices had been closed for the day and the money changers of Wall Street had gone home.



"Give me back my wife!"

But Holton Clinch was still behind the closed door of his little room, where, during the day, he had received the visits of half a dozen money magnates.

For he was one of them—this proud-looking man with silver in his hair and deep-set eyes of a glossy black. He had interests in an hundred schemes that poured gold into his coffers; he had ships on the sea and men in the mines; he had employes in the great factories which he owned, wholly or in part, and even across the ocean he had his busy agents.

Men envied Holton Clinch. True, he did not take the exercise a man needs who spends sixteen hours a day at the private desk piling up wealth; but, like most millionaires, he hoped to take a long rest some time, and in the lives of such persons that rest only comes when the sexton has piled the earth over them.

But on this particular night Holton Clinch thought not of the doings of the gold street.

On his desk within reach of his hand lay a crumpled bit of paper which he had picked up and dropped twenty times.

It had come to him a few hours before like a flitting ghost. It had been read and re-read and it was one of the letters an answer to which he had not dictated to his stenographer.

Once more with silence about him he picked it up and read as follows:

"Holton Clinch: You will find me on the third floor of No. 39 Black street—first room to the left from the top of the flight. If you do not come to me tonight you may live to regret your refusal. I wait for you.

"Jarndyce."

The failure of half a dozen of his great financial projects would not have startled him as these few lines had. Not that he had forgotten the name. Oh, no! Holton Clinch never forgot anything. The writer of the brief letter had been dead to him for years; if he had not believed him beneath the sod he might not have been so happy during the last years of his money-making.

But Jarndyce was not dead. The dead cannot send notes and Holton Clinch had recognized the hand-writing. What caused him to start the more was the fact that this man who had summoned him to his room with a threat was the father of the beautiful girl who was the light of his mansion on Murray Hill.

Years before Holton Clinch, then entering upon the great career which fortune had mapped out for him, had married the fair widow, Ethel Jarndyce, and she had brought him her daughter, now a young lady, the beautiful belle of society and a girl without a rival in many ways.

And the once husband of his wife?

It was said that he had died in the South. Of this there seemed abundant proofs; but, now, as if to topple all his palaces into the dust, the dead should come to life and Luke Jarndyce had turned up to become the evil genius of his dreams.

No wonder Clinch's teeth met with a snap when he finished reading the letter. No wonder his cheeks grew white and that he opened a drawer of the desk and took out a revolver which he slipped into his pocket.

The banker had grown suddenly desperate. This wretch who had come back should not stand long between him and happiness. He would not submit to being robbed by his wife's first husband. He would not have Lucille disgraced by having to face her father who had turned up from God knows where. He would see to that. He would settle the matter at once; he would nip the plans of the inhuman monster in the bud, even if he had to leave a dead man at 39 Black street.

Usually when you drive a man like Holton Clinch to the wall he is desperate.

"Yes!" hissed the millionaire, "I'll see him. I'll go to him and settle the whole matter once and forever. He won't send me any more letters after tonight. There's an old saying that dead men tell no tales, and, by heavens! I'll make it applicable to this case. Blackmailed by Luke Jarndyce? Never!"

Holton Clinch got up and drew on an overcoat, for it was chilly out doors, the winter had just given way to spring, and there was yet frost in the air.

Before quitting the office he thrust the letter into a breast pocket, locked the desk and felt the revolver to make sure that he had not forgotten it.

His lips were closely locked; there was a subdued fire in his eyes and he looked like one who had counted the cost from every standpoint.

That one letter had driven a desperate man to the wall.

Down on the street Holton Clinch met no one whom he knew. He felt the cold wind in his face, but turned his head away and walked to the nearest corner.

A few cabs stood there under the night lamps, and selecting one the broken-banker sprang in, giving directions to be driven to the corner of two certain streets. He knew that Number 39 was not far from one of the corners.

In the cab when it turned into the street he looked at the revolver again.

Ten minutes later the vehicle halted and Clinch got out.

"Shall I wait?" asked the cabman.

"Yes," and Holton bounded away, plunging into the darkish street and vanishing among the shadows there.

"Why has that devil come back?" he asked himself. "What evil hand has guided him back here just when I wished him in the grave? I will know, and then—"

He chuckled to himself as he touched the deadly weapon in his pocket.

"After we separate he'll write no more letters to Holton Clinch. He'll never again hang about the lives of three people like a blighting shadow."

It did not take the banker long to find the number which he sought.

Number 39 was a three-saory brick of fair proportions. A flight of steps, guarded by iron railings, ran up to the front door; the lower shutters of the house were closed and not a sign of light could the observant banker see.

Holton Clinch sprang up the steps with eagerness as if he wanted to have the nocturnal meeting over as soon as possible. He did not ring, but pushed the door open, it was not locked, and found himself in a dimly-lighted hallway.

Before him rose a flight of carpeted steps, and recalling the directions given in the letter, he ascended to the top of the last flight.

He was on the third floor and his hand touched the weapon in his pocket.

"First room to the left," he repeated, as he moved in that direction.

A light over a transom guided him to the proper spot, and the next moment he stood at the threshold of his goal.

As yet he believed no one had seen or heard him. He at any rate had seen nor heard nothing. His visit had been clothed in absolute secrecy, and for this he was profoundly thankful.

Taking a long breath, Holton Clinch took hold of the door knob.

If Luke Jarndyce was awaiting him he would not have the door locked in all probability the man inside was up, biding his time as the threat indicated.

The next moment Clinch pushed open the door and stood inside the chamber beyond.

It was well lighted. A gas jet burning over a table in the middle of the room showed the banker his surroundings, but he did not even glance at them. The only object he saw was the man at the table—a man with a thin face, burning eyes, cadaverous, as if he had really come back from the dead—Luke Jarndyce.

## CHAPTER II.

## JARNDYCE'S DEMANDS.

The eyes of the two men instantly met.

The look of the man at the table had much of tigerish hatred in its nature, that in Clinch's eyes was terribly foreboding.

"At last!" grinned the occupant of the room. "Come in. Sit down. You'll find a chair there. I've saved it for you."

Holton Clinch moved forward, but did not accept the proffered chair.

"Won't sit, eh? Then stand!" blurted the other. "Well, you didn't expect to see me?"

Clinch looked the man over and noted that his clothes were poor, even shabby, and for a moment there leaped into his brain a thought that he could easily silence this wretch with a little money.

"How much do you want?" asked the banker, but the next instant the long hand of the other man dropped upon the table and lay there in the light.

"Not a dollar. Not a dollar of your money, though you could give me a million and never miss it!" he cried. "What are your infernal millions to me, Holton Clinch? There's blood on more than one of your dollars, and for every step on your road to wealth you've crushed out a human life."

The banker winced and lost color again.

"You don't like to hear it, I see," laughed Jarndyce. "But it's true, you octopus. As I have said, I wouldn't touch a dollar of your ill-gotten gain for all you're worth."

"What, then, do you want?"

"My wife and child!"

Clinch staggered back and his fingers gripped the revolver in his pocket.

Why not shoot this rascal where he sat, and, if need be, go out and tell why? The courts wouldn't hang him, no, no; they would never convict a millionaire for shooting a desperate wretch who had tried to involve him in everlasting disgrace and subject his family to contumely.

But he held back. He would first know more about the wanderings of Luke Jarndyce. Perhaps he had accomplices, for Holton Clinch, if asked, would have confessed to having enemies.

"We thought you were dead," he said.

"I have been dead," was the answer, followed by a low chuckle which gave to Jarndyce's face a demoniac appearance. I've been in the grave, actually there. I was buried in New Orleans as a yellow fever victim. Some ghouls dug me up to rob my poor corpse and thus I came back to life."

"Well," said Clinch, "you can't blame me. You were considered dead when I married Ethel."

"Did you try to ascertain the truth?"

"Wasn't your name among the list of victims of the fever?"

"I guess that's right."

"And wasn't that proof enough?"

"But I am alive and what right have you to call my wife yours? I could make it devilish hot for you notwithstanding your millions. They have courts and justice even in this city, I am told. But I don't want your money. I only want my wife and child."

"But Ethel belongs to me."

The slim hand on the table shut like the tentacles of some sea monster which it resembled.

"To you?" grinned Jarndyce. "Why, man, you've only robbed me. You have taken that which does not belong to you. Ethel is my wife and the law, if I invoke it, will tear her from your arms and toss her into mine, and there's Lucille, the pretty little thing I left years ago. She must have grown up to be a regal woman. I always thought she would be a beauty. How is she, anyhow?"

Holton Clinch did not answer. Instead his face grew dark and his blood seemed to surge through his brain like streams of molten lava.

He was scarcely cognizant of what this desperate wretch was saying.

"Never mind. You sent for me," said the banker, keeping his passion in abeyance with an effort. "What is your proposition?"

"I have none. I only want my own."

"My wife——"

"By—she's mine!" broke in Jarndyce. "You've taken what is not yours. You are simply a robber of flesh. You brute of brutes, you demon of demons! give me back my wife and child, or I'll invoke the courts of vengeance."

The speaker had pushed back his chair and was standing erect, his gaunt figure taller than the banker's, and his eyes in a blaze of wrath.

"I'm Luke Jarndyce. I've come back for wife and child. You don't want to be plundered, eh? I don't ask a dollar of your money; with mine I'll make a living for Ethel and Lucille."

"You?" laughed the banker, looking Jarndyce over contemptuously. "In God's name, how could you dress Lucile a moment?"

"Never mind that. I'd make her happy just the same. And, as for Ethel, she would soon forget the house on Murray Hill and would never even dream that for a time she posed as a banker's purchase."

"Villain!" exclaimed Clinch. "You shall have neither wife nor child!"

For a moment Jarndyce stood and looked across the table into the banker's eyes.

The revolver was half way out of Clinch's pocket now and the maddened fingers gripped the black stock.

They were alone. No one had come up the stairs after Holton Clinch, and the door behind him was shut.

But suddenly another thought shot through the banker's brain.

The report of the weapon would arouse the house; his departure would be seen, and he might be arrested on the premises.

He did not wish this, for he preferred to have what he did in that house to remain his secret and his alone.

Silently he measured strength with the man before him. Jarndyce looked emaciated and weakened. Perhaps he was half starved; he looked like it, while he (Clinch) was well fed and once a day took exercise which had made his muscles iron.

Then he counted the steps between him and Jarndyce. Two would cover the distance.

"Why not?" said Holton Clinch to himself. "I am the stronger and with a hand at his throat no one need ever discover me."

This was the whisperings of Murder, but the millionaire did not repulse the little voice. He had come to the house desperate and now that he knew what the man wanted, he was not going away humiliated, robbed and beaten.

Suddenly before Jarndyce could throw up a hand the banker of Wall Street was upon him.

In another moment his hand was at the brown throat, he had pressed the wretch against the wall, but as suddenly Jarndyce broke from his clutch and springing across the room halted out of Clinch's reach and laughed at him.

The banker could see the marks of his fingers on the poor devil's throat; he could see how he had torn his garments in the scuffle but Luke Jarndyce had escaped him.

After all, he would have to use the revolver.

Holton Clinch had pressed the other's throat with all his devilish strength. He had murder in his heart as big as a murderer.

Suddenly with a cry Jarndyce swayed forward and the next moment lay in a heap at the nabob's feet.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Holton.

The wretch neither moved nor seemed to breathe. Clinch saw drops of red on the thin lips, saw and felt his heart beat with insane joy.

Luke Jarndyce was out of his road forever.

Whether the terrible choking had killed him or whether he had burst a blood vessel he neither knew nor cared. For a moment Clinch gazed at the body on the carpet, and then, stooping eagerly, he ransacked the pockets. In one he found some papers, of which he took possession and sneaked guiltily from the room.

Down stairs he crept like a ghost; he slipped from the house with a breath of relief, for no one had seen him, and the secret was his alone. At least that is what he confidently thought.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE WAGES OF SIN.

"Make no blunder," said a man to a handsome woman two days after the millionaire's adventures in Black street as he parted with her on lower Broadway.

"When did I ever fail?" was the triumphant rejoinder as the fair creature gave her companion a look and sailed away.

She went straight to Holton Clinch's private office. That door always stood ajar, to the fair sex, for the banker-broker numbered many ladies among his brokerage clients, and on this occasion the veiled one was admitted without the ceremony of a card.

She closed the door behind her, and, throwing up her blue veil, looked at the man who wheeled his chair so as to have a good look at her.

She was still on the sunny side of thirty. Rather tall, with a fine figure robed in well-fitting goods that showed it off to dashing advantage, she was, so far as outward appearances went, a woman calculated to captivate men of sterner exteriors than Mr. Holton Clinch possessed.

The broker waved her to a chair which she took and for another moment looked the banker over from head to foot as if making sure of her game.

"Pardon my visit," she said, in well modulated tones. "I shall not trespass long on your time. I am Miss Hester France, but that's immaterial, as we have never met before. I want to draw on you for five thousand dollars."

Holton Clinch started and eyed the woman suspiciously. What coolness was this?

"I—I don't understand," he said. "You want to draw on me for five thousand dollarse? You will pardon me, I trust, Miss, if I say that the whole thing is incomprehensible to me."

"To you? Indeed! It cannot be possible that you have forgotten the man you left on the third floor of 39 Black street the other night—the poor wretch who felt your hands at his throat before he died."

The speaker was coolness itself. Holton Clinch felt a cold thrill at his heart. What did this creature know?

"I see," she went on, "that you recall the little circumstance."

"What do you know about it?"

His very question was an admission of guilt and a great blunder on the nabob's part.

"I know everything," was the answer. "You killed that man, Mr. Clinch."

"He died of heart trouble or something else."

"Quite likely of something else," smiled the strange woman. "You not only killed him, but you robbed him as well. Why haven't you turned his papers over to the authorities?"

Cold drops of perspiration stood out of the broker's forehead.

He shot a quick glance toward the door, but it was tightly closed.

"Come, Mr. Clinch, I need a litle pin money. Give me what I demand."

"It's blackmail, and I've always said——"

"That you'd never submit, eh? Well, that's easily said. You know now that you are not the sole custodian of the secret of the night of the ninth."

"Where were you, woman?"

"Closer than you think."

"Did you occupy the house at the time?"

"Never mind that. I know. What would the law say if I were to tell all I know? I had ears as well as eyes that night."

"The devil you had!" cried the banker, for a moment thinking of the revolver in the drawer of the private desk. "See here. You will not be permitted to blackmail me. Understand that!"

The only reply he got was a smile which enhanced his caller's looks and she leaned back in her chair with an air of triumph.

"If I were to pay you a penny you'd come back for more when you wanted it."

"Why not? You're rich, aren't you? And, pray tell me how you've made your pile."

Clinch bit his lips till the blood ran.

"Have you noticed, Mr. Clinch," pursued the caller, "that there hasn't been any post-mortem?"

Yes, Holton had noticed that; but really he hadn't seen the need of one.

"I prevented it," continued the woman.

"You?"

"Yes; I had your safety in view."

Clinch looked at his caller fixedly for a moment.

"What have they done with—with it?" he asked at last.

"It is at the morgue."

The banker started. Why wasn't that body under the ground? What infernal fate was keeping Luke Jarndyce above terra firma when the lid of a coffin should be nailed down upon him?

"What is he called at the morgue?" asked Holton Clinch.

"No one knows, and that's why they keep him so long. I think I shall have to go there and tell them that he is Luke Jarndyce, and refer them to you for further particulars."

Every vestige of color suddenly left the banker's face, and he nearly leaped from his chair.

"You'd tell them the truth, wouldn't you, Mr. Clinch?" grinned the cool beauty in the chair.

"But you won't do that?"

"Not if you give me the five thousand."

"But you'll come again."

"I don't deny it. I'll come again. You see, I won't be hard on you," and she threw a swift glance toward the door. "I guess you don't want the world to know that the poor wretch lying on the slab of the morgue is your——"

Holton Clinch held up his hand.

"That will do," said he. "I'll give you what you ask, but let me say openly that I will not submit to blackmail. If you come here again and demand a penny of me, by heavens! you're liable not to get out of here alive! You're a leech, a blood and money-sucker," the woman's face paled at these terms. "You're one of the most despicable creatures on earth. Come to me another time and demand a dollar and I'll turn on you like a terror. Bleed me, will you?"

"Five thousand or have the secret of the doings of the ninth thrown upon the world."

Biting his lips almost through, Holton Clinch rose and went to a private safe set in the wall in one corner of the office. The woman's dark eyes followed his every motion as he stooped and opened the steel doors. She saw him draw forth a roll of bills with which he turned to the desk. Then she watched while he counted out five thousand dollars which he pushed toward her madly.

She had already counted it with her eyes, so she did not run over the bills, but calmly folded them and transferred them to her pocket, after which she rose and stood before the millionaire.

"Thanks," she said, with a mocking smile.

"Don't try this again. It's dangerous—too dangerous for you, Miss," and Clinch's eyes appeared to snap fire. "I can crush you like an egg shell," and he struck the desk with his hand. "You've got no proof——"

"No proof?" she interrupted, advancing a step toward him, but as suddenly shrinking back. "No proofs? Fool! Do you think Hester France would come here with proof? You searched his pockets pretty well, but you overlooked something. Proofs? Lift your hand against me, Holton Clinch, and I'll show you that you didn't cover your tracks as well as you believe. Good day, sir. We may meet again."

"We certainly shall!" hissed the banker, as the door closed behind the flitting figure of Hester France, and the next moment he had summoned one of the employes of the house into his presence.

"Here, Jordan," he said, hastily scribbling a few words upon a bit of paper. "Take this to the person addressed at once."

The clerk glanced at the superscription and took a long breath.

Holton Clinch had sent for the most subtle detective in the city; he had resolved to meet the blackmailer with craft and cunning.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A WIFE VANISHES.

Under the fostering care of Holton Clinch Lucille Jarndyce had developed into splendid womanhood. She was the belle of Murray Hill, with the face of a queen and the pose of one destined to rule an empire, while her other graces were in keeping with her station. Suitors for her hand were not scarce, but she had turned from all, preferring to retain the scepter of belledom, and not link her life to the destiny of another's.

No wonder the banker of Wall Street started when he thought of losing this fair ward, his wife's only child. No wonder he felt a cold chill of aversion sweep through him when he thought of turning her over to a wretch like Luke Jarndyce, who, thank Heaven, now lay on a slab at the morgue, and would never enforce his demands.

Lucille had often heard of her father from her mother's lips, but the story of Mrs. Clinch's former life had been abridged for her daughter's sake. Lucille knew that her father had fallen a victim to yellow fever, and she was happy as the foster child of Holton Clinch.

The banker, of course, kept from his family the story of Jarndyce's return in the flesh and of his sudden death. It was to be his secret despite the fact that Hester France knew something of the adventures of the night of the ninth. He would crush this fair blackmailer; he had employed one of the coolest and most unscrupulous detectives in the city and this daughter of Jezebel would find in him more than her match. He would not be blackmailed; he would not fall a victim to the demands of this woman and his family should never know that Luke Jarndyce had emerged from his loathsome grave in the South.

A week after the last events noted in our preceding chapters the carriage in which Miss Jarndyce was taking her evening airing in the Park was stopped in the heart of the plat by a man.

The beautiful girl leaned forward, for the gentleman was strikingly handsome, tall and well dressed, and she could not but admire him as he stood beside the open vehicle with his hat courteously doffed in her honor.

"Miss Jarndyce, is it not?" he asked.

Lucille bowed.

The coachman looked straight ahead, for coachmen are supposed to see and hear nothing.

"You will pardon me, Miss, but I have long worshiped you from a distance," continued the young man, with a light springing up in his dark eyes. "This is the first opportunity I have had to declare my love——"

Lucille flushed and threw up her hand.

"I know you not!" she exclaimed, "and such a declaration coming from an entire stranger cannot be entertained for a moment; besides, I will not——"

She ceased suddenly and made a sign to the coachman to drive on.

"Not yet," broke in the stranger. "You must listen to me, Miss. Little I care whether my words offend you or not. You are the lady I love, and, not only this, but you are to be the future wife of Stanley Gordon."

"Which is your name, I suppose," said Lucille, trying to be cool.

"You may call me that, at any rate," was the reply. "Tell your coachman to remain where he is, please. You will hear me through and all the police of the Park shall not prevent me."

"This is outrageous!" cried Lucille.

"Exactly," smiled the other. "You are the ward of Holton Clinch, the rich banker, the man who puts his hands into Fortunatus' chest and takes out all he wants. That's nice. Wish I could do that myself."

"I will not listen," put in the now frightened girl, who believed she had fallen into the clutches of a mad man. "It is getting late, and mamma——"

"What a fine mother-in-law she will make, to be sure," laughed Gordon. "But, hold on there, man," to the coachman. "If you attempt to drive this lady off I'll bring you down in a jiffy."

Lucille, trying to become calm, leaned toward the man and looked him squarely in the face.

"I cannot see you here," she said. "Some other time I may listen to you and——"

"Now and here," was the interruption. "I understand the little game. You can't get rid of me. I am going to become your husband or I'll let out a secret that will cause the house of Clinch to crumble like a pack of cards. Don't you want to prevent a catastrophe like that?"

"I don't believe you can do any such thing."

"Don't try me too far," laughed Gordon. "When you go home you can say to your mother, if you will, that her first husband was murdered, that a certain young man named Stanley Gordon has the secret in his possession, and that——"

"You don't mean Luke Jarndyce, my father?"

"That's just who I mean."

"Why, he died with yellow fever, and mamma afterward married Mr. Clinch."

"Yellow Jack sent him to the grave, but it couldn't keep them there. You see, I know it all. Now, my fair miss, you must do one of two things—promise to become the wife of Stanley Gordon or see your mother disgraced and your foster father, the millionaire, behind prison bars. I'm in love, but I'm just a little stern."

Lucille's face was white.

She felt like falling in a faint in the carriage, but her courage buoyed her up. To faint now would be to throw herself into the power of this madman.

"Take your choice," he suddenly went on, seizing her hand before she could withdraw it from his reach.

"My God! my brain is on fire. Let me go home."

"Not just yet."

Gordon had put one foot upon the step of the vehicle and his face was very close to Lucille's now.

"Come, you shall promise before you go. Which alternative will you take? I know everything. I can make your mother hide from the sight of her sex; I can send your foster father to Sing Sing, if not to the gallows, and——"

Lucille broke the rest of the sentence with a sharp cry.

Suddenly and with all her strength she pushed the man away, and struck him across the face with her closed fan. She threw all her power into the blow and the sharp edges of the silver-backed fan cut like a razor, while the recipient of the girl's vengeance recoiled and uttered a cry of pain.

"Home, Conrad! Home!" screamed Lucille, as the fellow left the step.

In another moment the blacks were tearing through the Park, and Lucille Jarndyce had fallen back among the cushions breathless and without a vestige of color in her fair face. It seemed a hideous dream, some nightmare of fate, the wild hallucination of a disordered brain; but she was forced back to the actual facts, and when she looked into the little mirror set in her fan and saw there her own white countenance she recalled it all and wondered whence came that terrible man, Stanley Gordon.

The carriage did not stop until it reached the Clinch mansion, set like a palace among the palatial homes on Murray Hill. By this time Lucille had recovered a little and Conrad did not have to help her out.

She sprang from the vehicle and ran up the steps.

Eager to find her mother, she bounded into the house and ran through the wide hall, meeting no one.

Though evening had fallen, the lights of the mansion had not been lit. Still, for all this, Lucille knew the house so well that she did not need their guidance.

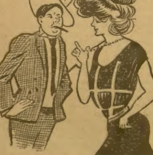
Suddenly, in her mother's room on the second floor, she stopped and stared at its emptiness. A bit of paper lay on a dressing stand and Lucille, turning on the light, picked it up. One glance was enough.

The blow had already fallen, for the note told the breathless and white-faced girl that her mother had vanished never to return.

Further chapters of this extraordinary story will appear in the Ledger of next week. To every subscriber we are still sending our free cameras and free patterns as stated on pages thirteen and fifteen.

◆

### Easier.



"Now, remember: you are to bring me four pounds of candy."

"I can't remember as much as that. Better make it two pounds."

◆

### Coming to Her Assistance.

Mrs. H.—You may stay until your week's up, Bridget, but when you go I must tell you that I won't be able to write you a letter of recommendation.

Bridget—Don't let yer want of eddication embarrass ye, ma'am. Oi'll write it fer ye, and ye can jist make yer mark at the end of it.

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How does it happen that when a man is too old to serve in the army or navy he is considered just the right age for President?

### A Memory.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

The Night walked down the sky
With the moon in her hand;
By the light of that yellow lantern
I saw you stand.

The hair that swept your shoulders
Was yellow too,
Your feet as they touched the grasses
Shamed the dew.

The Night wore all her jewels,
And you wore none,
But your gown had the odor of lilies
Drenched with sun.

And never was Eve of the Garden
Or Mary the Maid
More pure than you as you stood there,
Bold, yet afraid.

And the sleeping birds woke, trembling,
And the folded flowers were aware,
And my sense was faint with the fragrant
Gold of your hair.

And our lips found ways of speaking
What words cannot say,
Till a hundred nests gave music,
And the east was gray.

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# FURY AND HILARY.

BY BERTHA SEAVEY SAUNIER.

The Chinaman who lived in one end of the house and there did his endless washes, often stopped in the doorway for a moment, and, with the utmost heathen sympathy and kindliness, would ask:

"You wantee to be die?" and Hilary was ever ready with a smile and an answer:

"No, John, of course he doesn't want to die; why should he?" And Fury, the tiny dwarf whose head had kept pace with its twenty-five years, leaving the body still in its infancy, would look up from his writing and say in his weak, squeaky voice:

"No, I ain't ready to die."

The little negro children who lived in two rooms overhead never tired at standing on the sidewalk of the street and, looking in at the low window, marveling at the flourishes of Fury's pen. But as they marveled they were wont to nudge each other and whisper, as the kinky braids came together:

"Ef we dun come be lak dat I reckon Mammy dun chuck us down de sewer long 'fore we git to know what's what."

The cartoons in the morning papers often pictured some prominent man with a tiny body and a tremendous head, and the simple-hearted Chinaman regarded them with ever-increasing shame as making plain to a pitiless public the state of his neighbor's misfortune. It was a matter of wonder to him that visitors did not come by twenties and by thirties to see the little man. But no one ever came and the washerman muttered over his irons and shook his head:

"So people ley no care," he said. But there was one who cared, though he had taken no hint from the innocent cartoons.

He had seen Fury in his high-wheeled chair as he sat on the edge of the sidewalk on one of the crowded streets, pensively waiting for pennies to drop into the old hat that he held in his lap.

For several days he had seen Hilary walk over from his own corner and stump away with his tiny friend. Hilary, oily and hearty, whose only lack of fortune was his two wooden legs which did him service instead of those of flesh and bone which he once owned; whose hair was always carefully parted, and brushed with scrupulous pains, stood bareheaded in all sorts of weather at the alley corner and held his hat with cheerful patience, saying plainly without words, "I am a beggar," and neither shoe laces, lead pencils nor writing paper were ever in his hands to help belie the statement.

Mr. Lemuel Simeon, manager of the Famous Unique Traveling Museum, had observed these things with a pair of keen business eyes, and one night he followed the beggar friends home. And when they were safely within he tapped lightly at the door. Hilary opened it, and Mr. Simeon bowed low.

"Excuse me, sir," he said with another bow. "Would you be so kind as to direct me," here he stepped in upon the shabby strip of carpet that answered for good cheer upon the otherwise bare floor, and sat down upon a backless chair, "ef I may rest a few moments—I much fear I haf been lost."

He did not look like a lost man, except in a spiritual sense, for he made himself quite at home. He drew one or two deep breaths and fixed his attention upon Hilary.

"Zee leetle man," he said in a smooth, solicitous voice, "he hass goot peesness, ya?"

"Very fair," said Hilary as he helped Fury off with his overcoat and turned to light a small and smoky oil stove.

"Can't complain," squeaked the little dwarf.

Hilary directed Mr. Simeon with his wished-for information, but still the man lingered.

Presently he stood up and put his hand upon the door handle as if to go.

"I am een the ceety for to find able men to go for to vork mit me," he said.

"What is your work?" asked Hilary quickly. "If it's honest I——"

"Och! iss eet hones'—ha! ha! Ya, eet iss hones'." Hilary, having lost at least a foot from his height when his legs were taken off and never having had that amount replaced in the wood, was obliged to lift his eyes straight upward in order to look this big, burly man in the face. But he was, nevertheless, able to fix his visitor with his clear, full eyes when he said:

"I am an honest beggar—mind you an honest one. It's all the work I can do as yet, but when I do find other work it will have to be honest, too."

"I vill call again, maybe," returned Mr. Simeon weakly, with another bow. "My peesness iss hones'—but it would not do for you; it would be all right for ze leetle man."

"Me?" piped Fury who was now at the table bending over a sheet of paper which was headed with three of his pen and ink birds which the negroes so admired.

Mr. Simeon turned toward Fury and put out both hands softly as again he bowed and bent toward him.

"If ze leetle man can learn to climb some on two sticks—if he iss strong to do dat—zee leetle man shall make a great deal of zee money."

"Climb some sticks! What in all creation do you mean?" quizzed Fury, impatiently.

"I vill tell you more eef I can do come again," said Mr. Simeon cautiously. But Hilary, suddenly divining the man's purpose, flushed hotly and said:

"You need not trouble to come again; he will not do it."

"No?" questioned Mr. Simeon in amazement. "Vill not do eet? But I haf fine museeum—I haf fine gilt rooms—large, gilt, beautiful cages"—he spread out his hands and bowed with anxious solicitude. But here little Fury, for the first time understanding the man, whirled about and with eyes blazing with rage he screamed to him to go away. And he began riding madly around the room in a wild frenzy, his wheels striking chair legs, table legs, and even Hilary's legs in his blind anger, during which Mr. Simeon, surprised and troubled at the turn his project had taken, made his escape, and the Chinaman, hearing the screams and the noise, opened the door.

He had seen Fury thus before. It was to the dwarf the only known or available method of working off his excitement or his fits of gloom. But to the Oriental it meant only one thing.

"Now you want to be die?" he asked. But Fury did not answer; he did not see the Chinaman, much less hear him.

Hilary stirred some meal into the hot water that was over the oil stove and set out on the table a bag of bananas and a loaf of bread.

"There, little man, never mind," he said, without turning from his work. He said it soothingly several times as he stirred the porridge, and when at last the wheels of the chair were quiet he shook his head at the Chinaman, who closed the door and went back to his duties muttering:

"Le people, ley no care."

But Fury's rage was still hot and wild.

"What did the ugly beast think he'd do?" he cried in wheezy tones. "Put me in a cage and label me?" Hilary smiled sadly as he worked at the hot, bubbling mush.

"There, there, never mind," he said again.

The next day being rainy Fury stayed at home and wrote samples of his fair handwriting and drew birds and fishes and frowned at the little colored children who darkened his window. So passed several days, and finally another face looked in at his work and afterward a knock sounded at the door.

"Come in," called Fury as loud as he could.

The man who opened the door introduced himself as Mr. Saul Simeon.

"Mine bruder he call and tell you wrong," he said. "Ve haf de museeum," at which Fury gasped in angry recognition and the man hurried to say: "True enough ve haf it; but ve vill vish you to do much writing—dat iss de vork what you do for us."

Here he paused, hoping to see a gleam of approval at this new aspect of his business, but Fury turned his face to his papers as if indifferent, and the visitor was forced to his next step in the matter of making peace. He opened the door and beckoned and presently a young lady appeared.

"See," said Mr. Simeon, "this iss mine daughter and she vill gif you dese cards—some calling cards she call dem—ve pay you goot money eef you put her on de name mit dem."

Fury here looked up with interest. Contact with the world had not bereft him of an eye to business. The man rubbed his hands with satisfaction and brought out a larger packet from his own pocket.

"And dese—dey are peesness cards. Ve vill haf five hundret mit dose when you vill may pring back dese ones."

Fury was now much interested. His eyes actually had a twinkle in them. The rage, ever so lightly kindled, and a moment before threatening to bubble forth, was suddenly turned to shrewd calculation.

"What is your address," he asked, "and when will you want them?"

The man put on a pompous air and gave his hands the peculiar wily shake supposed to be alluring to business.

"Vell, dat makes no deeference—you may can come tomorrow, maybe?"

"All right," answered Fury, drawing down the corners of his mouth, "I'll have them ready."

As a matter of fact, it was the first business order with which he had had to do since his mother died two years before.

She used to make paper flowers, and it was his pleasure as well as duty to write the names of the few who ordered work and tie them to the clusters and wreaths ready to be delivered.

But such work was given over when the mother's dainty little fingers became cold, and still, however, he had gone on mechanically, writing names and sentences with his small, crumpled hands, and drawing birds and fishes until his practice had well nigh given him perfection.

When his visitors were gone he began a hurried ride around the room, this time steering clear of obstacles and making little noise in his exercise. Hilary found him thus when he came in, and then followed an exciting talk that lasted until bedtime.

"They won't make anything out of it," said Fury, before he lay down to rest, "but maybe we will."

The next day Hilary and the Chinaman carried the cards down to the office of the Famous Unique Traveling Museum, but Mr. Saul Simeon insisted that "ze leetle man" deliver them in person, and accordingly, after much delay and discussion, Fury, escorted by his two friends and backed by a stalwart policeman, presented himself with the cards.

"Ze leetle man," said Mr. Simeon, in his softest tones, "he shall vill look een at our beautiful museum."

"No," said Fury, "I won't—I came for my pay and for the other cards."

His voice was so weak and so small that Mr. Simeon did not fully appreciate its decisive qualities, and he said: "Yaas, dose odder cards—ve vill can look at dose when ve do haf a look at ze museum."

"I won't look at your museum!" screamed Fury. "I only want my pay."

He was willing to attract attention, and at the sound of his high, squeaky voice several men and boys who were passing stopped at the open door and the policeman said:

"Here, you fellow, why don't you pay him? You'll have your museum looted if you don't—these fellows are just spoiling for a midnight roustabout."

Regretfully Mr. Simeon put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a quarter.

"The work is worth a dollar," said Hilary, and Fury at sight of the money let his anger bubble fiercely over. He clutched at the handle of his chair and screamed:

"I won't touch it—give me a dollar!".

The Chinaman was more convinced than before that the cripple ought to be dead. He was sure that the people did not care for him.

Mr. Simeon debated with himself for some time. He was reluctant to lose his opportunity, but the faces at the door became more and more surly as they waited, and the policeman began to swing his club.

"Vell, vell," he said at last, "I vill can call at ze house some days—tomorrow—today, and pay you."

A murmur ran through the group at the door which every moment became larger, and when Fury had yelled that he wanted the money now Mr. Simeon said: "Vell, eef you cannot vait so eet shall be," and he paid the required sum.

"Plucky boy!" called out one of the men, and a lad took off his cap and passed it around, saying: "Contribootions for Plucky, de Kid," which, however, did not realize but a few pennies and a large quantity of good will.

Fury and Hilary were now quite content. They departed gloating over their treasure. It was more money than Fury had ever possessed at one time. It actually set them up in business. It bought cards of all sizes, which the little man spread out upon a small table, and daily he sat upon the busy thoroughfare and indicated to the public his fine, delicate handiwork.

Rarely a day passed in which he did not get two or more dollar orders, and the Chinaman grew to look upon the cartoons as having kindly features. He always gazed long at them and smiled. "Le people ley ver' kin'. He no want be die any more," he would say, and then began polishing cuffs and collars.

The managers of the Famous Unique Traveling Museum left town without suspecting that their plan for obtaining a new specimen had resulted so happily for their victim—that it had made their man an independent citizen.

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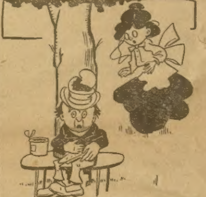
### Rocky.



"Ah, lady; dese biscuits reminds me of me former perfession."

"You were a baker, then?"

"No, ma'am; I was a geologist!"

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### Bathing in Missouri.

A traveling man alighted from a train, and, covered with the dirt and dust of travel, made his way to the best hotel in a southwest Missouri town the other day. As he handed the porter his grips he told him he wanted to take a bath. The negro boy hesitated a moment and then replied:

"Sorry, sah, but we ain't got no bath in this heah house."

"How do you people bathe?" asked the guest.

"Well, sah," returned the negro, "in de summah time we all goes out to de East Fork and ducks in the creek and in de wintah time we jes' waits fo' de good ole summah time."

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### From a Balloon.

In his balloon experiments, Mr. J. M. Bacon has been able to see the sea bottom under clear water from a height of 500 feet, all waves seeming to be blotted out, with no apparent scattering of light from the surface. At 1,000 feet or higher, all water—whether deep or not—seemed opaque. Photographs taken during the ascent on a clear day became gradually blurred, until at 4,000 feet good pictures were made impossible by the dust particles that reflected the sunshine, the definition over water being better than over land.

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FOUND OUT

What a Mother Found Out About Food.

A mother found out what a change of food can do for a whole family, from the nursing baby to the adults, in this way: "Twice during the summer months my baby was taken violently ill and was very slow getting over the attacks. His former diet of cow's milk alone ceased to agree with him so I combined it with an expensive infant's food but he soon became very much constipated.

"Then I shifted to Grape-Nuts food and found that this was just what baby needed, adding to it his milk after softening in hot water. Baby has thrived upon this food and is now healthy and strong and chubby as any mother could ask which you know is saying a great deal.

"It did not take me long to find out that a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream is just what is needed by the tired nervous mother and I have also proved to my own satisfaction that when the children are old enough to chew Grape-Nuts it is far better for them than oatmeal or any other mushy foods for it develops their teeth and helps their digestion and their minds seem much brighter and more active, too.

"Truly here is a wonderful food and one for the entire family." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

# LINKS OF LOVE AND GOLD; Or, The Grey-Osmond Duel.

### By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.

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## CHAPTER V.

Lord Edgar Osmond was laid in his grave in Indian soil with all the pomp and circumstance of a military funeral, while all in attendance, with one exception, anathematized the murderer—Donald Greene.

That one exception was Gerald Grey, who held poor Ione upon his arm during the burial ceremonies, and with kind words endeavored to cheer the maiden in this, the first great grief she had ever known.

The young captain was very pale, and a nervous twitching of the muscles of his face proved that he was fully conscious of the deep game he was playing, while his dark, handsome eyes wandered silently about, but not once did they fall upon the open grave of the flag-covered coffin of Edgar Osmond.

At length the gloomy ceremonies, gloomy with all their pomp, were over, and Ione returned to her desolate home, accompanied by Captain Grey and the wife of an officer of her father's regiment whom she had asked to remain with her, for it was right that she should be alone.

"It is all over now, Ione, and you must bring smiles to that beautiful face once more," said Gerald, tenderly, as he took leave of her at the door.

"No; it is not all over, Gerald, for though my poor father now sleeps quietly in his grave, a tragedy must follow—a poor wretch is to suffer death on the gallows. Would to Heaven it was all over."

"He took his life in his hands, pet, when he drove the knife into your father's heart; he must suffer for it the penalty of death. But I must go to the General's, where the court-martial is already met; farewell, Ione, I will call tonight and tell you all."

With hesitating steps Gerald Grey proceeded toward the brigade headquarters, for he felt that he had to pass through a terrible ordeal, one that would tax his nerves to their utmost.

"What if Donald Greene should become frightened and make a clean breast of it? Then, I am undone, for if my story is believed it will yet cause many to doubt me, and I may thereby lose Ione. But he must not fail me. Ha! I find I am all in a tremor; this must not be; I must calm myself."

With a masterly effort at self-control the young officer entered the room where the members constituting the court-martial were already assembled.

Glancing quickly around the room he beheld there the prisoner—pallid, cold-looking, and with eyes bent entreatingly upon him.

What if the young officer should fail him—have him accuse himself and then not aid him to escape, or if aiding him, fail in the attempt?

These thoughts were in the mind of Donald Greene, and they set his brain and heart on fire.

Saluting the officers present, and casting one quick, earnest glance at the prisoner, Captain Grey took his seat and all eyes turned upon him. He was the hero of the hour—he it was who had seen the murder—he it was who had boldly captured a man driven desperate by the blood he had already shed.

But all present knew the young officer as the bravest of the brave, and felt that the act was just what he would do under any circumstances, never thinking of the danger to himself.

All being in readiness, the trial began, and Gerald Grey was called to make his statement of the affair.

Very pale, yet perfectly calm, Captain Grey gave his testimony in cool, decided tones that surprised even Donald Greene.

He told of his retiring to his private retreat on Lookout Hill, his nap in his hammock, and being awakened by the sound of voices, one of which he recognized as Colonel Osmond's.

"Of the conversation between Lord Osmond and the prisoner, I do not consider that I am called upon to speak, it being a personal matter—a trifling act of the Colonel's early life with which the prisoner was acquainted, and which knowledge he used as a means to extort money.

"Maddened by Lord Osmond's refusal, that man assaulted him and after a short struggle the Colonel fell dead from a knife wound in his heart.

"At that moment I was upon the scene, and though the prisoner resisted I succeeded in making him a captive. That is all that I can tell the honorable court-martial of this exceedingly sad affair," and Gerald Grey sat down as coolly as though the whole story was the pure truth.

A few questions were asked him by different officers, and then the prisoner was called upon to stand up and face his judges.

Donald Greene cast an imploring glance toward Gerald Grey, who gave him a sign of encouragement, and then the pallid, trembling man told his own story, which was about as the Captain had stated, and not one present was there who did not believe he could see guilt resting upon the prisoner's face.

When he had told his story and stood self-accused before them, one officer asked: "What secret did you hold against Lord Osmond, the fear of the publicity of which you thought would cause him to pay you to keep silence?"

"That I decline to answer, gentlemen. I stand before you self-accused of the murder of Colonel Osmond. My motives for taking his life have nothing to do with this trial."

The man spoke firmly. The look of fear had passed from his face and a proud expression rested thereon.

Then followed a long conversation between the judges, and the result was that Donald Greene went back to his prison condemned to death—a death upon the gallows in one short month.

He left the room between his guards, and as he passed Gerald Grey he turned upon him a look of entreaty, while his lipe parted with the words, uttered in a low but imploring tone:

"Save me!"

## CHAPTER VI.

Two weeks glided by, ah! how swiftly to Donald Greene, and yet he remained in his prison, desolate, dreading, hoping.

Not one word had come to him from Gerald Grey. Had he deserted him after all?

As the poor man sat there in his double irons, his brain a whirl of damning thoughts, the door opened and in the dim light Donald Greene beheld a form enter.

It was midnight and his heart bounded with hope. No visitor would come at that hour except to save him.

"Prisoner!"

"Yes, sir; I am here."

"Doubtless. I do not see how it could be otherwise, ironed and guarded as you are," said the low, deep voice of Gerald Grey.

"You have come to save me, then. Ah, sir, I am thankful that you did not forget me," cried the man, in earnest tones.

"No; I have come to save you. Here, in this bundle, is a soldier's uniform, and also a civilian's dress for you. Your guard at the door is Scott, one of my own men; he goes with you and holds a pass for two soldiers to leave the lines and enter the town. When there, go to some sailor's inn, change your uniforms for the suit in this bundle, and take the packet for Australia. Once there, you are free.

"Here is the money I promised you, and here is an order on my London bankers to pay Daniel Greer—for such will be your name on their books—in quarterly payments the sum agreed between us, and which will be paid during your lifetime.

"The packet leaves within the hour, so you had best hasten. When dressed, join the soldier outside and he will go with you. I need not recommend silence on your part, as to be captured is to insure your death for the murder of Colonel Osmond. Farewell."

Unheeding the words of thanks that came to Donald Greene's lips, Gerald Grey turned and left the room, passed the sentinel at the door with a word of caution, and advised him to hasten, and wended his way toward the turn, and down to the dock where lay the Australian packet.

In dread suspense he awaited and a bitter curse arose to his lips as the order came to cast loose the lines, and no fugitives appeared. But just then two forms were seen hurrying through the darkness and, reaching the dock, they sprang aboard just as the vessel swung off into the current.

In these two Gerald Grey recognized the prisoner and the soldier deserter. They were gone, and a load of lead was raised from his heart, he was once more a free man without the shadow of death hovering over him, free to marry the Lady Ione, and become the possessor of vast wealth.

When Donald Greene and the soldier, Scott, bounded on board the packet at the last moment they kept silent until the vessel was plowing her way rapidly through the waves, and then sought the purser, paid their passage money, and sought their berths for rest, which they sadly needed after the intense strain upon their nerves.

With the morning sun their spirits rose and they felt quite elated, for they were rapidly leaving behind them a land where death awaited them, the one as a murderer, the other as a deserter from the army.

For days the good ship held on her way, and without storm or accident; but then gathering clouds swept over the skies, a fierce wind blew over the seas, lashing it into fury, and the vessel struggled heavily amid the mad waters.

Excepting two persons all were below whom duty did not call upon deck. Those two were Donald Greene and his soldier friend, and they stood leaning over the taffrail gazing out into the darkness, and watching the bounding vessel.

Presently a huge wave boarded the staunch craft, and sweeping aft, with irresistible fury, threatened to bear off to death all who could not resist its power.

In the confusion one loud, despairing shriek went up from aft, and in loud tones came the cry, "Man overboard!"

But one poor being could not be saved now, the ship and her entire crew were in danger, and the helmsman held her on her course and left behind them to die the unfortunate wretch who had been dragged into the sea.

With blanched face and trembling form the deserter rushed below. Donald Greene it was who had been swept into a watery grave.

But though he threw himself into his berth the soldier could not sleep. A tragic scene was ever before him—a man raising another man in his arms and hauling him into the sea.

In vain was it that the unfortunate wretch sought to comfort himself.

"I have won a cool thousand by that act—and he might have been swept off by the sea, even if I had not torn him from his hold and hurled him overboard. Yes; he might have died that way!"

It was no use, the despairing shriek of Donald Greene yet rang in his ears, the death struggle in the wild waters was yet before his eyes, and he could not banish the thought that he had taken the life of a fellow being, bribed by a greed of gold.

But, as the days wore on Scott became calm. None had witnessed the act; he had won his bribe, and all he had to do in future was to enjoy himself upon the blood money he had earned, and keep off, by drink, the grim spectre of that midnight storm at sea.

In a somewhat satisfied frame of mind he at length set foot on Australian soil, his pocket full of gold, a prospect of a thousand pounds more when he could send word back to Gerald Grey that Donald Greene was dead, sent to death by his hand, and nothing of care but a grim specter in his own bosom to be locked there until his lips were forever sealed.

## CHAPTER VII.

Gerald Grey sat alone in his quarters, a bright gleam of joy upon his stern, pale face, called by a paragraph he had just read in an Australian paper.

"Thus am I freed. Both are gone forever. Thank God! no; rather thank my devilish lucky star. The deserter I felt I could trust; he held no secret that would endanger the loss of a million through Ione. He had himself to look after as a deserter, and would take care to keep himself out of the way, and also as the murderer of Donald Greene, whom I believe I wished out of the way, as he held a secret that would prevent my marriage with the Lady Ione, and feared that he might make a dying confession on the gallows that would ruin my hopes.

"Is he the actual murderer of Donald Greene, or I, the planner and briber, the greatest sinner?

"Pshaw! I must not trouble myself with moralizing—he did the deed, I gave the gold and it certainly shall set easy on my conscience. Especially can I drive off the grim memories when I read what is printed here. I will go over it again."

Taking up the paper, he read, half aloud:

"The Australian packet, Sydney, had an adventurous passage on her last trip. A storm struck her that came near destroying the noble vessel and a huge wave boarding amidships swept into a watery grave a passenger by the name of Daniel Greer, who, with his friend, David Hastings, was standing abaft the wheel, and, in spite of the efforts of his companion to save him, was washed overboard to his death, for the fury of the storm would allow of no attempt at his rescue. But, strange to say, his friend, David Hastings, was killed the very night he set foot on shore; it is believed murdered by some of the seamen of the vessel, who knew that he had considerable money with him. At any rate he was found dead in the street the following morning, and suspicion pointed strongly to two of the sailors of the Sydney, who were arrested, and are now in jail.

"They doubtless did the deed. Scott was a fool to show his money; but so much the better for me that he did, for he also is out of the way, and I have a free field before me. I will go up to see Ione now, and urge upon her to set an early day for our marriage. Once she is my bride, then I will resign from the service, for it is getting too dangerous risking one's precious life every day against Sepoys. It will do well enough for a poor young man, but not for one who has a wife worth millions. Besides, I have won glory enough out here to make me a hero upon my return to London, where I will live in a style that will make the fellows at the club envy me—yes; and I have a wife, too, that will make the women mad with jealousy."

Thus musing, Gerald Grey sought the home of the Lady Ione, and it was not very hard to urge her to settle an early day for her marriage with the man she now loved far better than she did her own life; for, if he had killed her cousin Ferd in a duel, had not that very act prevented her from being tied for life to a man she despised?

And had not his capture of her father's murderer, even though that murderer had escaped, been another link to bind her to him?

Besides, was he not the handsomest and bravest young officer in India? Was he not all that a woman could wish as a husband?

Such was Ione's reasoning, and as a woman's it was not to be gainsaid. She would marry Gerald Grey in spite of the rumors of his wild life, and the talk of her would-be friends against its being wrong under existing circumstances.

No; he had offered his hand and she would take it even though it was stained with the blood of her own kindred.

And thus it was settled and thus Gerald Grey, the dashing young Dragoon Captain, and Lady Ione Osmond, the heiress and beauty, were married.

And shortly after his marriage, after a honeymoon of joy, Gerald Grey resigned from the army and signified his intention of returning to England.

In vain was it that his brother officers urged him against this course—told him that he was rapidly rising to a high military rank—he was determined, and they must be content to lose him from their midst, and find another fine tenor to make the mess room ring with convivial songs, find another dashing officer to lead the Dragoons against the cruel Sepoys.

As for him, he had glory enough and would leave India forever, said Gerald Grey, and he made all arrangements accordingly, and went down to enjoy a last dinner with his brother officers around the mess table.

It was late at night when he returned to his quarters, returned to find Ione, his beautiful bride, lying in a swoon upon the floor of her boudoir, and clutching in her hand a bundle of legal-looking documents.

In alarm Gerald summoned Ione's maid, and by the aid of restoratives the unconscious woman returned to consciousness.

One glance at her husband and she threw herself at his feet with a heart-broken cry.

"Leave the room, Celeste," said Gerald, sternly, to the maid, while an icy hand seemed clutching at his breast.

What great evil had befallen him?

"Gerald, oh, Gerald! You know what I have to tell you. When you know all you will hate me, curse me, and I will want to die!" cried Ione, in a despairing voice.

"Rise, Ione; this is not your place, at my feet. Come, sit beside me, and tell me what so distresses you," said Gerald, in his kindest tones.

A bitter wail came from the white lips. "No, Gerald; I am not worthy."

"Great Heaven! Ione, what do your strange words mean? Can you accuse yourself of guilt?"

"Yes; I am a guilty thing in the world's eyes—a veritable wretch; but not from any act of mine. I am innocent, yet it is said, 'the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children,' and hence I am guilty in the sight of God and man. Oh! how accursed is such a law. But, Gerald, see what the London mail brought in this evening, see! these papers tell a terrible tale of crime in the past, and will tear you forever from me," and she handed him the papers which had fallen to the floor.

Gerald Grey gently took them from her, and with a pallid face and dark brow glanced earnestly over them, while she watched his face with a look in which hope and dread blended like an April sky—the storm clouds tinted with sunshine.

Without a word he read them all—large legal documents which sent him and his wife into the world from wealth to almost poverty.

"These papers make known, Ione, upon the dying statement of one Doctor Long, that you are not the child of Lord Edgar Osmond and his wife, but are the daughter of Constance Moore, the child of the lodge-keeper of the Osmond estate.

"It seems," continued Gerald Grey, slowly, "that Constance Moore and the Lady Osmond gave birth to children the same night, and that the noble child was a fearful deformity and could not live—the child of the lodge-keeper's daughter was perfect. This caused Lord Osmond to bribe this Doctor Long and one Ellen Lawton, a midwife, whose testimony is here given, to exchange the children.

"This was easily done, and you, Ione, was reared as the noble lady and heiress. Now, the doctor and midwife come out to testify and take from you your vast wealth and—give it to charitable institutions, leaving very little to live upon.

"The lawyers who write this, say if you will yield without attempting a foolish contest to prove your right, that they will place to your credit ten thousand pounds, which you can draw for at sight."

"Can all this be true, Gerald?" almost whispered Ione, in an agony of suspense.

"Yes, Ione; it is all true. I have heard rumors of this before."

"And you did not cast me from you, Gerald?"

"No; I loved you, Ione; but, come, we must not linger here. We have work to do."

"What would you do, Gerald?"

"I would leave India at once—on the packet that sails at daybreak, the Sidney, bound to Australia. We will go there, Ione, far from here, and never darken English soil again."

With a glad cry Ione sprang into her husband's arms. The dishonor she believed upon her was forgotten, and she was happy.

Three hours after the packet ship, Sydney, carried as passengers, away from India, Captain Gerald Grey and his beautiful bride, flying to another land, ere the morning sun would awaken the gossips to gloat over their downfall from wealth to almost beggary, for ill news flies swiftly and the affair would soon pass far and wide.

## CHAPTER VIII.

After a lapse of ten years the scene of my story changes, from far-away India to America—to a lovely valley, in a Southern State, dotted with comfortable homes, and enlivened by a silvery stream, that rises in the mountains beyond, and flows on to the ocean many miles away.

Along the highway, bordering the river bank, trudges slowly along a footman—a young man of perhaps twenty-four, with a tall, manly form, clad in a plain suit of clothes, well worn.

Upon his head is a soft slouch hat, with broad brim; but it does not shade his bold, handsome, and decidedly intellectual face.

Hung across his shoulders on a stick is a small carpet-sack, doubtless containing all the worldly goods of the traveler, who walks as though fatigued by a long day's tramp.

As he enters a small piece of woods, dark and lonely, a shot suddenly rings out its direful note—a puff of smoke burst from a thicket, and the young man drops in his tracks, a stream of blood flowing from a wound over his temple.

Then from the dark covert of the woods bounds a man, and after glancing nervously up and down the road, bends over the prostrate form.

Instantly a curse arose to his lips, mingled with an expression of disappointment.

"Great Heaven! I have killed the wrong man! How could I have been mistaken?"

"Yet, they are strangely alike, though I see now that this man is much younger than the other; but I must not linger here or the hounds of the law will be on my track; another time, another time—then I will make no mistake."

With another glance into the white face of his victim, the man bounded again into the forest and rapidly ran from the spot where he had lain in ambush to commit murder, as his own words had confessed.

Hardly had he gone ten minutes when there came the sound of approaching hoofs, and the next minute a horseman appeared in view—a man whom the reader will recognize though ten years have gone by since he was last seen, flying in haste from India, accompanied by his young bride.

He was dressed in a dark traveling suit, wore a dark hat of soft material, and his stern mouth was concealed by a long, dark mustache.

"Ha! What have we here?" and Gerald Grey drew rein by the side of the prostrate form, and dismounting, bent over and glanced into the upturned face.

"If a man is a fair judge of his own looks, I would say that this fellow and I are strangely alike. But what did he here? Committed suicide, doubtless, as he does not seem to have been robbed. Well, I have nothing to do with the affair, so will depart ere I am found in the neighborhood and accused of murder."

So saying, Gerald Grey mounted his steed and rode swiftly away, leaving the man lying where he had fallen.

But hardly had his hoofs ceased to echo when again came the sound of an approaching steed at full gallop.

Nearer and nearer it came, until around the bend in the road dashed at a swift pace a young girl, well mounted, and attired in a dark blue habit, with light hat and plume.

Her face was beautiful, her form faultless, and her rapid ride had brought the color into her fair cheeks, and caused her eyes to brighten with excitement.

But her horse shied suddenly and violently, almost unseating his fair rider; but, recovering herself quickly, she checked her frightened animal and her face blanched quickly as her eyes fell upon the cause of her steed's sudden bound.

"A man lying dead in the road; a stranger, too! Can he be dead?" came from the white lips.

The next instant she sprung to the ground and with wonderful nerve approached the prostrate form, and laid her hand gently upon his breast.

"No; he is not dead; his heart beats! I must go for aid," she cried, and again mounting her horse with the aid of a fallen tree, she sped away like the wind.

In fifteen minutes she was back, accompanied by a farmer-like looking old gentleman mounted upon a quiet old mare, who seemed astonished at the pace at which she had been urged along the road.

"There he is, father; see if he is dead," said the maiden, quickly.

The old gentleman dismounted, felt the pulse of the unfortunate man, and then examined the wound in his head.

"No; he is not dead, and this wound in the head is not a severe one; it has only stunned him, for the ball glanced off fortunately, but we must get him home as soon as possible. Did you send for the doctor, Maud?"

"Yes, father; I sent Dan after him. Here comes the carriage and we can soon have the poor man at home. I do so hope he will live," said the young girl, earnestly.

As she spoke a carriage rolled up, driven by an old negro, who stared wildly at the wounded man.

"Here, Luke, help me place this poor fellow in the carriage; what are you staring so about?" asked the farmer.

"Ain't he daid, massa?"

"No; but he'll die if we don't hasten to get him into the doctor's hands."

"'Deed, I ain't skeered ob him; but I does hate daid folks—dey is so kind ob queer."

As the negro spoke he aided his master to place the man in the carriage, and mounting the box he drove rapidly down the road.

In a few minutes they came out of the woods to where a pretty country house fronted upon the road, and was surrounded by rolling acres of ripening grain.

It was a home of comfort, with a beautiful lawn in front sloping down to the river road, a flower garden on one side, and woodland on the other.

At the door a motherly-looking woman met the party, and the wounded man was borne into a pleasant chamber and laid upon the softest of beds.

Just then a gig drove up, its occupant a stout, good-natured looking man.

"Well, Miss Maud, Dan tells me you have sent for me to come and see a man that was killed near your house," he said, pleasantly.

"No; had he been dead, Doctor Wilde, I would have sent Dan to the village for the undertaker. The poor man is wounded—I fear badly, as he has not spoken or shown signs of consciousness.'"

"We will soon see, Miss Maud, what can be done for the injured man, and the doctor entered the room and at once set to work in earnest.

Half an hour after he came out upon the balcony and joined Maud, who was awaiting his coming with some anxiety.

"Well, Doctor?"

"It is not well, Miss Maud. He is no longer lying in a stupor, but the wound gave him a terrible shock, and I fear he may have brain fever. His pulse is rising, and his skin is getting hot, but with kind care he may pull through all right."

"He shall have every care, Doctor," said Maud Melville, earnestly.

"Doubtless, Maud, for he is very good looking, and though apparently poor, is doubtless a gentleman. Who knows, after refusing all our country boys, you may run off with this handsome stranger."

"Hush, Doctor, the idea of such a thing!" said Maud; but the bright color came back into her face once more.

"Stranger things have happened, young lady, and you women are such queer creatures no one knows what you will do."

"You are not a competent judge, Doctor Wilde, for you are a bachelor."

"Because I am a good judge is my reason for being a bachelor, young lady; but if all women were like you, Miss——"

"Ah, Doctor, how can you joke when a poor human being is lying at the point of death?" said Maud, in an injured tone.

"We physicians see so much of misery, Miss Maud, we have to joke now and then to keep us from getting chronic melancholy. But look well after your protege and I will drop in again tonight."

And Maud Melville did look well after her protege, as Doctor Wilde called the wounded man, and to her devoted care he owed it that he was brought from the border of the shadowland back to life and health.

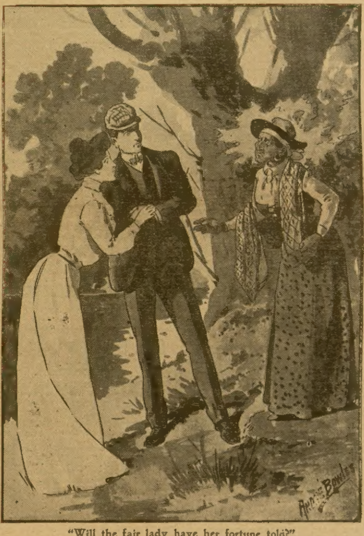
Long weeks passed by ere the wounded man arose from that bed of suffering and was able to tell all he knew about the wound, and that was very little.

He said he was tramping along to the city, where he was going to obtain a situation of some kind, and had entered the copse of woods when he saw a puff of smoke, heard a report, felt a stinging blow, and knew no more until he awoke to consciousness weeks after in the pleasant home of Farmer Melville.

Yes; he did know more, he said; he knew that an angel had been hovering about him, her soft hands soothing his sufferings, while he lay in the agony of fever, and toward that earthly angel went out his whole heart and soul.

He was poor, very poor, he told Maud Melville. His parents were English emigrants, who, having lost their means of subsistence in England, had sought a home in America, and purchasing a home in the Southwest, had settled there.

Not liking a farmer's life, Calvert Forrester—for such the young man said was his name—had prevailed on his parents to give him a college education, and for two years he had been teaching in a country school; but Calvert was ambitious; he aspired to rise in the world, to make a fortune, and he was on his way to New York, that great Mecca for all young aspirants for wealth, when shot down by an unknown foe, as he believed; but who that foe could be he had no idea.



"Will the fair lady have her fortune told?"

At length Calvert Forrester was well enough to go about, and Maud, who seemed to have taken him under her especial charge, would take him for short walks along the river bank, and finding some shady nook, would read to him by the hour.

This was dangerous work for two young people like Calvert Forrester and Maud Melville, and the god Cupid was busy with their hearts.

But the young man felt that he must not yield to impulse, and, a penniless teacher, ask a beautiful young girl, who had saved his life to become his wife. No; he would first gain a position in this city, and then come back to her and tell her of his love; but would she care for him, then, and would not some man of wealth seek her hand and win it, too?

Maud was very beautiful and her parents, though not rich, were not poor, and had given their daughter a fine education, sending her to the best academies in the State, besides she was of a most refined taste, and soon became a fine musician, sang most sweetly, and was no mean artist in oil colors, while the cottage was filled with fancy work and wax flowers, the work of her fairy fingers.

Was it a wonder then that the youths of the country sought to win the maiden?

No; the wonder was, thought Calvert, that she had declined the many offers she had received.

One day Maud and Calvert went for their usual stroll along the river bank, to them both it was destined to bring sadness, for on the morrow Calvert was to start for New York, again going on foot, to save his little money to support him until he could get work.

Many weeks had passed since he was taken to Riverside Cottage, and he was again in perfect health, and must move on, though he longed to remain in the sunshine of Maud's smiles.

As they reached their favorite retreat, the root of a huge oak tree, whose branches overhung the water, they beheld a form rise from the mossy bank. It was a woman with a darkly bronzed face, and eyes of piercing black, a woman of forty years of age, and a gypsy.

Maud shuddered as the cold black eyes were turned upon her, and she beheld the strange attire of the woman—a shawl, woven of dried snake skins, being thrown about her shoulders, and her dress of what was at one time a rich silk, now sadly faded, and slouch hat that added more gloom to her hard, stern face.

"Will the fair lady have her fortune read? I commence with the stars—I read the signs in life all around me—I can tell her all she would know," said the woman, in a voice strangely soft.

Maud would have declined; but the voice, so different from what she expected, reassured her, and at the request of the fortune-teller she held forth her little hand.

"A wee, pretty, soft hand to one day grapple at the throat of a mighty sorrow; and beautiful blue eyes that will be dimmed by many a night of lonely weeping; lips that will have to wear a careless smile while tears are in the heart, and the form that will be bent in the despair of a terrible grief.

"Why, lady, the Fates seem cruel to you; they turn not their smiles upon you; you love. I see here in the hollow of your hand, you love devotedly one who owes his life to you."

At this avowal Maud turned crimson, and a glad light came into the eyes of Calvert Forrester.

But as though not noticing the effect of her words, the woman continued.

"You love one who is a stranger to you, one born in a foreign land, ha! lady, beware! for through him, these little lines show me, will come all your sorrow, all your despair. It is sad, lady, thus to tell you the truth; but I have read aright."

Maud Melville was very pale; but, recovering herself quickly, she handed the woman a piece of silver, and said, quietly:

"I think you do more harm than good, gypsy. Come, Mr. Forrester, let us continue our walk."

As the two disappeared around a bend in the river, a man came from a thicket near by and stood before the woman.

He was a dashing-looking young man of perhaps twenty-five, well-dressed, well-formed, and yet wearing a look of unmistakable dissipation.

"Well, woman, you told her all that would influence her against him, I suppose?" he said, quickly.

"Yes; I told her enough to make her shed bitter tears; she left me ere I could say more."

"Good! Now write to her, as you proposed doing, and make your letter such that she must listen to you. Here is the sum I promised you," and he slipped into the outstretched hand a roll of bank notes.

"Is she rich that you wish to win her?" asked the woman.

"No; I love her. I have loved her since as a mere child she went to the district school; but this foreigner has come across my path now, and she does not care for me," said the man, savagely.

"Did she ever love you?"

"I do not know. She was kind to me, until——"

"Until your wild life turned her against you," said the woman, quietly.

"Who told you I was wild, woman? I never saw you, or your gang, until you camped near my home last night," said the young man, with surprise.

"True; but I am a fortune-teller. I read the future and the past. Besides, your face shows that you are dissipated, and your hiring me to aid you to supplant a rival, proves that you have a bad heart; but enough; I have done my duty and been well paid. I will write the letter, and then my work is ended; it will cause her pain, and——"

"And what, woman?"

"And do no good; I know the depths of a woman's heart. Farewell."

The woman turned away; but as she did so she heard the man hiss through his shut teeth:

"I will not lose her! He shall die!"

## CHAPTER IX.

The cold, bleak winds of winter had gone, and the spring lured the birds to sing merrily from their leafy coverts, for all nature was fresh and beautiful once more.

No longer choked up with floating ice, the river glided swiftly along, its waters glistening in the morning sunlight.

Charmed by the beauty of the bright spring day, Maud Melville went forth for a walk along the river bank to her favorite retreat, the spot where she had passed many happy hours with Calvert Forrester, and where she had met the gypsy fortune-teller, whose words had caused her some hours of wakefulness and many tears.

But the remembrance of that evil fortune foretold for her had nearly vanished from her thoughts, and the future looked to her bright and beautiful.

As soon as Maud reached the tree, she threw herself down upon the fresh and luxuriant moss that covered its roots, and taking from her pocket a piece of needlework, commenced to apply herself diligently.

At length, lulled by the singing of the birds, the gurgling of the gliding river, and the balmy spring air, Maud Melville unconsciously dropped off to sleep.

How long she slept she knew not; but she awakened with a start to find herself confronted by the burly form of a man.

A glance showed her that he was not alone, for a boat lay against the bank, and in it sat another man, his hands upon the oars.

"Don't be skeered, Miss; we won't harm you. We seed you sleeping, and came over to ask you how far it was to Farmer Melville's," said the man who stood by her side.

Reassured by his manner, Maud replied:

"I am Farmer Melville's daughter; my home is only a quarter of a mile away, around yonder bend. You can land within a hundred yards of the door."

While the maiden was speaking the man was gazing earnestly into the dense forest beyond—a belt of timber that lay between the river and the highway.

"Is your pa at home, Miss?"

"No; he has gone to town but he will return soon."

"Well, he ain't the one we want; you is our game, Missy."

As the man spoke and before the startled girl could move, his rough hand was clasped over her mouth, and his strong arm, around her waist, held her firmly.

"Quick, Hendricks! Give me that scarf!" said the man, and his companion handing him a heavy shawl, he quickly tied it about Maud's mouth, seized her in his strong arms, and started for the boat.

But suddenly, from out the belt of timber, and through a narrow opening commanding a view of the road, dashed a horseman at full speed.

"Hold, there! What would you do with that maiden?" cried the stranger, and he dashed swiftly upon the scene.

The man holding Maud turned, drew from his pocket a pistol, and fired.

But the horseman was uninjured, and springing to the ground, drew a weapon and fired upon the kidnaper, just as his foot was upon the gunwale of the boat.

A curse and cry came from the man's lips, and relaxing his hold of Maud, he fell heavily to the ground.

Instantly Maud sprang away from him and sought the side of her protector, while the oarsman hastily dropped his oars, dragged the body of his comrade into the boat, and rowed away with tremendous speed, followed by several shots from the stranger's revolver.

"Let him go; his comrade is done for, and you are safe, lady," said the stranger, quietly, gazing with admiration on the beautiful maiden, whose face paled and flushed by turns with excitement.

Then Maud turned her eyes upon her preserver, and a half cry of recognition arose to her lips, and she almost spoke the name of Calvert Forrester; but, recovering herself quickly, she said, earnestly:

"What do I not owe you, sir, for what you have done for me?"

"I have merely acted as any man would have done who saw a lady in distress. From the road I beheld the fellow seize you, and jumping my horse over the fence, I came to the rescue. What can have been the motive of the villains?"

"That I cannot tell you, sir."

(Continued on page eleven.)

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Count the day completely lost if you have not laughed.

If it weren't for politics lots of lazy men would starve to death.

Mr. Folk is so popular with Missourians because he succeeded in showing them.

A yellow dog has very little courage, but he has more courage than Wall Street.

There might be some satisfaction in it if bald-headed men got their hair cut at reduced rates.

No matter how musical a man may be, there was never a mosquito yet that could hum him to sleep.

In order to be reckoned a good selling novel, a novel ought to sell at least half a million people the first year.

There is a fortune in store for the man who will invent a powder that will not become dough under perspiration.

Jeffries appears to have the championship unless some one takes John L. Sullivan in hand and makes him over.

There is no danger, however, that the public will ever come to think of President Roosevelt as the man behind the croquet mallet.

Although San Francisco physicians claim to have cured a case of lockjaw that does not give the toy pistol license to stalk abroad.

Missouri should make it unanimous for Mr. Folk, for he has taken the precaution to lock up in Jefferson City all who could possibly be against him.

It is the duty of all persons who contemplate getting mixed up in a big scandal to have first-class photographs taken, so the newspapers can get at them when the time comes.

With only five boilers at work the cruiser Chicago made a record run home from Portugal. It seems strange that anything named Chicago should ever fail to send out smoke to its full capacity.

It remains for the revised editions of the dictionaries to explain whether the past tense of the new verb, 'to standpat," should be "stoodpat" or "standpatted." The two forms are about equally elegant.

# THE HAND OF FATE;

## OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE CLARINET CLUB.

### By Constance Beatrice Willard.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

While Forest was dividing his days between hunting for traces of Lilly and endeavoring to make love to Miss Stoneborough, life was passing along very quietly in the dismal old house, where the Sinclairs had become thoroughly at home.

Lilly never made any complaint, but assisted her sister about the housework, repecially that the generosity of her former manager had placed her beyond want, especially that the genrosity of her former manager had placed her beyond want, especially as she had some money at the time of her discharge. She could, therefore, contribute her part to the household treasury and not trouble herself about the immediate future. Often when the family were all asleep, though, she would lie and toss about, thinking of Forest and longing for him until her agony seemed too great to bear, and she would sit by the window, with her face pressed against the cold glass until almost frozen.

One night her sister found her there, and putting her arms about her, coaxed her back to bed, and lying down beside her, tried to get some warmth into the chilled body.

"You will kill yourself, dear," she whispered.

"Forgive me, Mary, I know it, but I cannot forget him. It seems that I must see him again."

"But, dear, suppose everything had been all right and he had died, you would have had to take up your burden of life again."

"Ah, but, Mary, I would have had my memories. I could have looked back on my happy love days and remembered him as true, loyal and good. The greatest agony of all is that he was not worthy, that he simply trifled with me. Mary, I gave him all that lay in my power, not only physically, but my whole being, can you understand, dear, all, all? And, just think, he threw it back in my face. Still I love him so much."

"You never told me his name."

"Never ask me, Mary. If I die, when—when—you know when—you will find a letter among my papers. Do not open it, but mail it to him. If the child lives, he will give you some money for it, and you will take care of it for me, won't you?"

"I never hated a single person before in my life, Lilly, but I think I could do this man some bodily injury," cried the gentle Mrs. Sinclair, whose life had been one struggle against injury.

"No; do not feel that way. Let me tell you my little story tonight, for after this we will not mention it. It is very short. I was foolish, but it seemed to me just the same as a marriage. He bought the license and ring. Here is the ring about my neck, and I felt glad there was something I could do different from other women. Why should any one think me bad? I never had a wrong thought in my life, Mary, indeed, I didn't. No wife could have had purer thoughts or higher aims than I, and yet, Mary, do you remember Annie Hopkins, at Pasture's?"

"Yes, darling."

"I met her today. She, for whom I have done so much, and she turned her back on me, and when I, thinking she had not seen me, went up and spoke to her, she said that she thought I would have shame enough to keep away from honest people. Yet I could bear it all, Mary, if I could only know that he loved me, if he only did."

Poor Lilly! At that moment, Forest Melbourne, with heavy lines drawn upon his face, was listening to the report of the detective he had employed to search her out, and becoming almost desperate at the officer's failure.

With gentle tenderness, Mrs. Sinclair finally soothed the girl to sleep as though she were one of her own little ones, and remained with her until morning, after slipping to her own room after the baby, whom she heard stirring.

While the tragedy of this young life was being enacted, the neighborhood was becoming accustomed to the Sinclair children. Whenever any mischief was discovered, without investigation, the blame was invariably laid on their shoulders and usually with justice, for what one could not think of, the other could, and there were so many of them.

The Sunday following Lilly's breakdown, which was a wet and very disagreeable one, the children were unusually active. In the morning they had all, with the exception of baby and Bennie, headed by Nancy, gone to Sunday school and driven their several teachers nearly wild with their pranks. On the way home they had waylaid a peanut man, and while Ted, with great adroitness, attracted his attention in another direction, the remainder of the tribe filled their pockets and scampered down the street, where they were joined by Ted later on, and forced to disgorge a goodly portion.

After reaching home, they had upset the coffee pot over baby; shaved the cat with their father's newly tempered razor; broken several thin glasses, knocked down the stovepipe, dragged all the stuffing out of the best mattress, and at three o'clock were reduced to the point where there seemed nothing more to do. Finally Johnnie, who usually waited for Ted to suggest ideas, cried, triumphantly:

"I say, now, stop kicking me, Dan, or I'll give you a punch in the smeller; let's play in the basement," which was received with shouts of joy, and the entire procession rushed down the steep steps. In their excitement, they forgot that Marjory was almost too little to clamber down by herself and she consequently received a fall that, had she been any one but a Sinclair youngster, would have killed her; but as it was, after giving vent to several lusty howls, she wiped her eyes with the back of her grubby hand and began to look about her for something of interest.

For an hour the children played Pussy Wants a Corner, but while chasing Jennie, Dick fell against a narrow door on the east side of the cellar, just opposite the one window. None of them had noticed it before, but they all fell against it, and Dick tried to turn the knob, but found it locked.

"Darn it all," Dick cried, kicking vindictively at the offending door.

"Why, Dick Sinclair, I'll tell mother," cried Nancy, severely.

"That's nothing. I can say something lots worse," cried Ted, scornfully.

"So can I, only Nancy'd go and tell," returned Dick, turning his back with contempt on his sister.

Nancy concluded it time to make peace, so she wisely ignored the cause of their misunderstanding, and pressing forward, asked what the door was.

"A door dummy," was Ted's impolite answer, as he tried to peep through the keyhole.

"I know that," sniffing the air, "but there is a terrible smell here somewhere. I wonder if it comes from there," pointing at the door.

The children all sniffed and agreed that there was a very disagreeable odor somewhere, and several of them were impolite to become a little personal in their remarks as they endeavored to locate it.

"I wonder what is in there, anyway," broke in Johnnie, who, having been worsted in an encounter with Mollie, sought other distraction.

"Oh, I 'spects there's caves and great deep holes and bones of men who were starved to death," cried Phil, excitedly. The children had been reading five-cent novels.

"No, stupid," Nancy said, decidedly, "I think there's the most beautiful lady princess in a love palace that can't get out."

"Of course, it is," cried the other girls.

"You're all wrong," cried Ted, squaring himself and looking defiance. "I bet you there's boxes and boxes of gold and bracelets and rings buried in there, and all we will have to do is to dig and then we'll be rich and have candy and ice cream sody all day long."

"Bully!" cried the other boys all together. "Let's go to digging right away."

"We'll have to get the door open first," Nancy remarked, calmly, and after Ted had punched Dick's nose and kicked Phil for disputing his right to the entire treasure, he acknowledged the wisdom of her suggestion.

"How'll we do it?" Dick asked, wiping the blood off his nose on Jennie's dress, and sticking a pin in the seat of Johnnie's trousers.

Paying no attention to Johnnie's howl of pain, Nancy assumed lead, and announced that their mother had the keys.

"She won't give them to us."

"We'll have her come down," continued Nancy, pulling Marjory out of a pile of rubbish in the corner.

"She won't do it," snorted Ted.

"Yes, she will, if you go up and tell her I smell dead rats down here," and both Ted and Dick rushed upstairs to convey this piece of news, for if there was one thing their mother had a dread of it was dead rats. That Nancy was correct in her surmise was proven by the haste with which Mrs. Sinclair hurried down, carrying both the baby and Bennie, but none of the keys appeared to fit. Raising her flushed face, she told Johnnie to ask Lilly to bring her keys down, for they would have to get the door open if they broke it down.

All four of the boys clattered up to Lilly's room, awakening their father, who slept in the daytime, and while they were gone, Mrs. Sinclair handed Bennie to Jennie and the baby to Nancy, and taking up her apron, wiped the cobwebs from the window, remarking as she did so that the rain was over, and the sun struggling to get through the clouds.

When she received her sister's message, Lilly aroused herself from a doze, and, picking up her bunch of keys, went down to the basement, but was equally unsuccessful.

"We must get this door open, the odor is unbearable," cried Mrs. Sinclair.

"Indeed, we must. Let me see, I have a big trunk key in my purse. Run upstairs for it, Nancy, dear. It is in the top drawer of my dresser. Just bring down the purse." and almost before it seemed possible she could have accomplished the errand, Nancy returned.

The trunk key was no better fit, and Mrs. Sinclair was thinking seriously of having her husband come down and break in the door, when Lilly exclaimed:

"Here's another key. I remember I found it one night coming home from work to the old place. Taking it up, she tried it. To her astonishment, it slipped in and turned.

"Wait a moment, Lilly," cried Nancy, who was very timid, "perhaps there may be a mouse."

"Nonsense, I am not afraid. There can

# SHE SEEMED WILLING.

BY MAX ADELER.

Since Miss Bangs refused him, our young friend, Peter Lamb, has been paying attentions to Henrietta Sinnickson, and a few evenings since he determined to bring things to a crisis and learn his fate. After calling at the house, and making a few original remarks about the weather, Mr. Lamb cleared his throat a couple of times, and, crowding up toward Miss Sinnickson's end of the sofa, he said to her:

"Er—a—Henrietta, do you—er—a—ever feel lonely—kinder as if there was a void in your life—as if there was some one in the world who might supply a want in your nature, and make you so happy that you could—er—a—sacrifice everything for him? Do you ever feel that way?"

"Yes, Mr. Lamb," said Henrietta, softly, "sometimes, I confess, I do have such a feeling."

"Do you?" exclaimed Peter, in ecstasy. "And do you think that if you met the person for whom you yearn you would be willing to give yourself wholly to him, to love and cherish him, to give up your family and friends, and all your little comforts, to begin life with him, and to help him to struggle along and cheer him up in sorrow, and share his poverty and his cares and his humble victuals, and all that?"

"I think I could," said Henrietta, with downcast eyes.

"How would you like," asked Peter, joyfully, "to live with him in a sweet little cottage, lowly but snug, with woodbine creeping over the porch, with roses blooming in the yard, with the fragrance of the apple blossoms filling the air, and a few chickens and a dog in the garden, and a bathtub in the second story back, with hot and cold water? Couldn't you help him to make it a fairy paradise, a home of which a prince might be proud?"

"It would be splendid!" exclaimed Henrietta.

"And then, you know," said Peter, warming with the theme, "you could attend to your household duties during the day; you could wash up and scrub, and mend his pants, and er—a—things like that, you know; and when he came home you could sit out on the porch with him under the honeysuckle, hand-in-hand, and tell him how much you loved him, and how—er—a—good a time you were having. And you could talk over things, and lay all your little plans for housekeeping before him; and he would advise you, and direct you about spending the money and buying groceries and marketing, and—er—a—let his affection come out in ever so many little ways."

"I should expect him to, of course," said Henrietta.

"And then, you know," said Peter, enthusiastically, "they could grow old together without even a harsh word or a quarrel, and go down through all the troubles of life into a serene old age with the silver hairs streaking their heads, and maybe their teeth gone and the storms over and all ready for reunion hereafter. Wouldn't that be a life worth leading? Don't you think you could stand that?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied Henrietta.

"Well, Henrietta," said Peter, with his heart beating fast, "the picture can be realized. The cottage, the woodbine, the serene old age, the bathtub and the dog can all be yours, and—er—a—the chickens and the affection, too. You can have them; they are waiting for you. Will you take them, Henrietta?"

"I—I think maybe I will," said Henrietta, in a whisper.

"You will!" shouted Peter, edging up closer. "Then take them! I offer them to you with my heart and hand. Henrietta, I love you! Say that you return my love, and our dream about the—er—a—the happy life and groceries and things will be realized! Will you accept them?"

"Mr. Lamb!" exclaimed Henrietta, suddenly, assuming a haughty tone, "do I understand you that you meant all the time to allude to me as figuring as your wife?"

"Why—er—a—a—certainly, of course, to be sure," said Peter, in alarm.

"Well, you've made a mighty big mistake," said Miss Sinnickson. "I thought you were referring to Mr. Simms. I am engaged to him, and he has just bought that kind of a cottage, with exactly those fixings. I am going to marry him and settle in it. Good gracious! I never thought of marrying you. Why you must be crazy!"

Then Peter clapped on his hat and left suddenly. For the first twenty-four hours afterward he was uncertain whether he should commit suicide or assassinate Simms. He resolved at last to do neither, and he already shows symptoms of skirmishing after a fresh victim.

## And Old Story.

"Your hair needs trimming," said the barber to Absalom.

"Guess not,' answered Absalom.

"Better let me put on a little tonic?"

"No."

"Try one of our egg shampoos?"

"I believe not."

"Singe them hairs then, they won't fall out so much."

"Uh-h."

"Sea foam? Pomade? Scalp rubbed? Bay rum? Have some——"

But Absalom upset the chair, threw the barber into his mirror, and raged forth, ripe for revolution. The existing order of things was too many for him.

After all, the hair cut might have saved a lot of trouble.

be nothing in there to scare any of us," Lilly replied lightly, and turned the knob.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

The door opened slowly and the excited children pressed eagerly around Lilly, then a wild shriek pierced the air as a white object fell upon the floor, and the frightened group saw the partially decomposed body of a man lying before them.

"Quick, open the window, and run for the camphor," cried Mrs. Sinclair, while Lilly looked closer, then cried:

"Mary, Mary! this is something terrible!"

"I know it, dear, here, wet your handkerchief with this camphor. Children, go out of here."

"No, no, mother, we found it, we won't come too near," cried the excited children, dancing about in their fear of being excluded from the scene of so much interest.

Holding her handkerchief to her nostrils and mouth, Lilly bent down and looked at the bearded face, which was very well preserved, then she said in muffled tones:

"There is a horrible mystery here."

"I know it; but come to the window," urged Mrs. Sinclair. "We will send for the police."

"Wait a moment. I know who this man is."

"You, Lilly?"

"I say, Lil, who is it?" screamed Ted, while the others fairly gasped.

"Oh, it's dreadful. This man was a friend of my—of some one I once knew, and he used to come to my counter often and often. Once he wanted me to pose for a picture he was painting, and he told me he was going to be married, and that he hoped that after that I would be willing to let him have me for a model."

"Oh, rats! why don't she spit out who it is?" muttered Dick, to whom these memories had but little interest, but Nancy and Jennie were crying lustily, being of a romantic turn of mind.

Mrs. Sinclair took her sister by the hand and led her to the open window, and said, firmly:

"Now, dear, hurry up and tell us just who it is, for none of us can stay down here much longer."

"That is the body of Mr. Welden, Mr. Frank Welden," Lilly said in a low tone, looking at the terrible figure, and thinking of the man as he had appeared to her last—bright and happy, full of life and high spirits.

"That's a good one," Ted burst in. "He was killed over three months ago, and his body was found in the river."

"Yes; his cousin killed him," chimed in several of the others.

Neither their mother or aunt noticed how well posted they all seemed, nor did the children take time to mention that they were always well supplied with the news of the day, papers being among the things they made a point of borrowing and not returning.

"Was he killed, I did not notice?" Lilly said, in a dull tone.

"Are you perfectly certain?" asked Mrs. Sinclair.

"Absolutely."

"Then, some terrible mistake has been made, and I shall go to police headquarters at once," said Mrs. Sinclair, decidedly. "Nancy, go up and waken your father; tell him to come down here for he must go with me, even if he does lose some sleep. Hurry. Come, Lilly, you must not stay down here. Children, come up, this is no place for any of us."

Mrs. Sinclair picked up the baby, and was starting to leave, when a shout from the children stopped her.

Not finding the conversation very interesting, they had begun a lively discussion relative to the contents of the closet, Ted kindly cuffing Phil and Dick, as he said:

"Ah, shut up your gob! S'pose you did talk about bones of dead men. There was not any dead men, just one man what is dead already."

Phil kicked vigorously and blubbered:

"Well, I knew what I was a sayin' of. You said there was gold and jewelry, and there wasn't, so there."

At that moment the sun finally burst through the clouds which had covered it, and shone in through the window panes upon the mouldering body of the murdered man, and through the open door of the closet, falling on a glittering something which lay imbedded in a pool of congealed blood.

Ted's shout of joy was what had attracted his mother's attention, and she hastened to him as he jerked his find from its ghastly bed, exclaiming excitedly:

"I was right, a lovely ring!"

Lilly had come forward, too, languidly, for the horror of the affair was telling on her, but when her eyes fell on the ring in her nephew's hand, she caught it from him and holding it to the light, cried, excitedly:

"Oh, worse and worse! What can I do, what can I do?"

"Lilly, Lilly, whose ring is it?" Mrs. Sinclair exclaimed.

"I know the owner of this. No; I must go; don't stop me; oh, the misery of it all. Life is too hard; everything is whirling; oh, I am falling," and before any of the frightened group could catch her, she fell prostrate on the uneven floor, and the sun shone in on the two motionless bodies.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

Elizabeth Stoneborough sat alone in her drawing room, this same stormy Sunday afternoon, looking out at the sheets of rain dashing against the plate glass, and waiting for Forest Melbourne, whom she had been expecting for several hours.

The bright color in Elizabeth's cheeks had faded somewhat since her engagement, and although she fairly worshiped her lover, she was not happy. Something was lacking, although she dreaded to give a name to it, and she knew that his sister only tolerated her because of the approaching marriage, which was now set for the twentieth of April.

As she pressed her face against the window a bright something rolled down her face and fell upon the magnificent engagement ring, and she whispered as she looked at it:

"Why am I feeling so bad? Soon Forest will be mine and lots of girls would like to be in my place."

Would he ever be hers? Was there any ceremony which would make them one; he, the product of centuries of refinement and culture, with the blue blood of generations of ancestors showing in every feature, and she, the daughter of the people? They had nothing in common. Of that she was convinced, but she had hoped that she might make him love her by her own great love, which overlooked his deficiencies and endowed him with many virtues he never possessed. Was all this a mere hopeless dream? Did he act like a lover? She sprung to her feet and began pacing back and forth, her bosom rising and falling with the intensity of her feeling. So absorbed was she that she did not hear a cab dash up to the door, or Forest's footsteps, until she heard a light tone:

"Well, my lady love, how goes the time with you?" and turning, received a careless kiss upon her cheek.

Yes; Forest was standing there before her. Faultlessly dressed, gay and dashing of manner, but with a restless something in his dark eyes, and a nervousness of the hands which she had observed before.

"You are late."

"Yes; pray pardon me," Forest returned, gracefully handing her to a chair, and not adding that he had been riding about town for nearly two hours to kill time and shorten the moments to be spent with her.

"Forest will you do something for me," Elizabeth asked, leaning a little forward, and looking at him with a strange expression on her face.

"Why, you know I will. What is it?"

"Kiss me, please."

Forest bent forward and kissed her lightly upon the mouth, without displaying the slightest degree of affection, even.

"We are getting wonderfully sentimental, my dear girl, aren't we? May I repeat the favor?" still in that light manner, which cut the faithful girl almost beyond endurance.

"Forest, I want to talk to you seriously."

"Certainly, my dear. Are you always going to open curtain lectures with the kiss of peace?"

Elizabeth sprang to her feet. "For the love of Heaven do stop talking in that light tone. Can't you see what I am suffering?"

A cloud came over the handsome face.

"Poor girl, are you suffering, too?" he asked, gently, looking up at her, and reaching out for her hand.

Elizabeth allowed her hand to lie passively in his, and contrasted his nervous, sensitive, beautifully moulded hand with her plump, flat-fingered one, coarse in spite of care and manipulation. The hand of a woman who would have made a sensible wife for a man working on a small salary. A hand which would have washed, baked, swept and cooked for him. A hand which would have guided into correct ways of living her family, but a hand which was never intended as a thing of ornament.

"Forest, look there," she finally whispered, pointing at the two hands, and when he stooped to kiss her fingers, she drew them away.

"Please don't play with my love any longer," she sobbed.

"Lizzie, dear, tell me where and how I have hurt you. I confess I ought have hurried this gloomy afternoon, but I was such bad company myself, I dreaded to inflict it upon you. Come, my dear, let's talk about our honeymoon, and the house we are going to build when we return."

Elizabeth shook her head gravely.

"Why talk about what will never take place."

"Never take place? Why, my silly girl, this rain has gotten upon your nerves. Now, don't let me hear any more of this nonsense," and, putting his arm about her, he tried to draw her down beside him on the window seat.

"What, still annoyed? Tell me what I am to do."

Elizabeth raised her eyes to his. Now, he came to think of it, they were very clear, honest blue eyes, not forget-me-not blue like Ada's, or the glorious gray of Lilly's, but a true blue which would never flinch. An eye which could be depended upon.

"I'll tell you what you can do, Forest; tell me the truth."

"Why, Beth, love, what else do I all the time?"

"Forest Melbourne, look at me. If you have any mercy, tell me the truth, do not keep up this light talk. In the name of anything you hold sacred, if there is anything, tell me, why have you bound yourself to me?"

"Now, now, Beth, dear, come here, and let me pet you a little and forget all these gloomy thoughts. No; I am not jesting, my dear girl; I am in sober earnest. It hurts me to have you so unhappy. Is it that you do not love me, and wish to be released?" and as he spoke, Forest rose and stepped to her side. How handsome, although woefully worn and haggard he looked, in the clear light of the afternoon, for the storm was breaking.

Suddenly Elizabeth turned and placing her hands on his shoulders said, softly:

"You know that I love you and that I would suffer anything for you, provided you were happy, but I know that I cannot make you happy. Forest, Forest, you have made me love you, oh, Heaven, how much, without loving me in return; no, don't interrupt. Don't do me a worse wrong by marrying me without the love you ought to give your wife. Why, Forest, dear, if you need money, I have enough for us both; don't so wrong me by marying me—me—and—the other woman."

Forest started as though stung.

"Yes; I am right, am I not, there is some one else?"

Forest dropped into a seat, and let his head fall into his hands. With a gracefulness and tenderness which was surprising, Elizabeth dropped on her knees beside him, and taking his head in her arms, said, softly:

"Tell me all about it and you shall have her."

"Can you ever forgive me for the wrong I have done you, in pretending to a love it was not in my power to bestow?"

"I was too easily blinded, like the girl in the play," Elizabeth returned, stroking his hand, and her touch was wonderfully gentle. "If I had taken thought, I would have seen that you were simply courteous. There was no warm in your manner. Your heart had been given to another. Let me know."

Gentlely, tenderly, by questions and intuitions, Elizabeth finally learned the sad tale, one which would have shocked the majority of her sex, and from which many of those in her set would have turned in horror and disgust.

Elizabeth Stoneborough was made of different clay. Her sense of justice was very strong. To her sense of honor there would have been no crime in bribing a judge and jury, but she could not countenance the deceiving of a trusting woman.

Forest lifted his head when he had finished and looked at her. A splotch of crimson burned on either pale cheek, and his eyes glowed like coals of fire.

"Now, let me go out into outer darkness," he whispered.

"Forest, Forest, now is the time when you must be strong. We will find your Lilly, you shall marry her, and I will see that she is properly received into society."

"You?"

"Yes, I," she returned, drawing herself to her full height. "Elizabeth Stoneborough is ignorant, ill-bred and lacking in the little refinements which mark a lady, but she is backed by enough millions in her own right to do just as she pleases. Back of her millions are those of her father, and together they can about buy up the rest of the social leaders. Any woman I care to countenance, society must receive, or those who furnish the money to maintain society may find some of their schemes blocked." She looked magnificent as she spoke. And this was the woman they had thought to rule.

"Find your wife, Forest, for wife she is by every law of right and justice."

"And you will not blame her?"

"Blame her? How dare you! Great wrong has been done, Forest Melbourne, but not by her. You have done the wrong, not the woman who took all the burdens of wifehood upon her shoulders and reaped none of the advantages. The entire devotion of the remainder of your life will not compensate her for what she has had to endure."

"And my part toward you, Elizabeth?" Forest asked, gently, his eyes wet with tears of which he was not ashamed.

"In proportion as you treat her, will I forgive you," was Elizabeth's brave reply, but as she saw him leave the house she fell face downward upon the floor clutching the heavy pile of the carpet and sobbing as though she were enduring some physical anguish.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

When Forest entered his pleasant apartments, a dark-robed figure came forward, and even in the dusk he recognized Lilly. With a cry of joy which caused her poor, faithful heart to throb with thankfulness, he caught her in arms, kissing again and again, with a wild, hungering intensity, the sweet, although sadly changed face.

"Oh, my own darling, my precious girl! Thank God, I have found you once more. You can never know how I have longed for you. Kiss me, Lilly, darling, put your dear arms about my neck and tell me you forgive me, or that you will try. Oh, my darling, I have been hunting for you everywhere. Tell me where my poor girl has kept herself. Let me light the gas, and see my girl's dear face again," and, half beside himself, Forest tenderly placed her in a chair and flooded the room with light.

"Pull down the curtains," Lilly said, quickly.

"All right, sweetheart, but it makes no difference. Before another hour goes by you and I are going to be married, if you will take me, will you, dear?"

His arms were about her again. The face she had longed for was laid against hers; his lips were pressed to her lips, her hands, to her dress, even. In the glad emotion he was displaying, Lilly knew that his love had been true, after all, and that her memories of the days when he had wooed and won her could not be taken from her.

"Tell me, darling, can you ever forgive me? I can never forgive myself. But, Lilly, I have been so meshed, so fastened about by ties I could not break, that I have not been my own man. Today, through a woman's generosity I have been freed, and she will help us. You will not mind, darling, will you? You have none of that petty jealousy, have you, dear Lilly, precious one, kiss me, put your arms about me, and tell me you can still love me a little."

Lilly pressed her face against his and stroked his restless hands with hers, but could not speak. For the moment she must enjoy a glimpse of Heaven before she disclosed her errand.

With a voice broken with emotion, Forest gave her the substance of his interview of the afternoon, and then added:

"Part of my life, I must keep from you, dear, that is in the past. From now on it shall be yours, and yours only. Through this noble woman, and you recognize that she is noble, do you not, we will take our place in society, and she can help me in a little—no, a big matter. She is a wonderful woman, don't you think so?"

With her glorious eyes aglow, Lilly said, softly:

"Yes, dear, a truly wonderful, noble woman, although how she could bear to give you up is more than I can understand. You say she is powerful?"

"She is one of the richest women in Chicago, if not in the country, counting her father's wealth, too, and he would do anything on earth for her."

"She could offer protection, if necessary."

"Most certainly."

"I am very happy then. Let me say something to you, Forest, first, and then I have to explain why I came here."

"It's enough that you came, my little wife."

The blood rushed to Lilly's face as she heard the term, by which he had often called her in the olden days, but she said, firmly:

"It was only dire necessity which drove me here, not for myself, but you, but wait for that. I still had my key, and so let myself in."

"Yes, darling," kissing her, and noticing with utmost sorrow the marks of misery and pain on her once blooming face.

"First, dear, it is wondrously generous in this young lady to be willing to give you up to me. Yes; it is, for she loves you and I know how you can wind yourself about the hearts of us women. Still more so it is for her to offer to reinstate me, not only to raise me to a position I never occupied, but to force society to overlook what it deems an unforgivable offense."

"The wrong was all mine, dearest, all mine."

"We were both to blame. I see it now. Then I did not think of the future, but only wished to make you happy, and in doing that, myself. Forest," here she looked into the dark eyes she loved so dearly, "neither of us thought of the wrong we might do to unborn children. All Miss Stoneborough's influence, all the tears I have shed or the sorrow you have felt, will not change the fact that a stain will rest on this little one, and that any future children must of necessity, owing to the present state of society, look with disfavor on their mother."

"Lilly, my poor girl, how you have changed, how you have suffered to feel this," cried Forest. "I shall endeavor to make it up to you as far as possible, darling. Miss Stoneborough is a power. We can go to Europe for a time, and no one need know our secret. When we come back in a year or two, she will open society's gates to you."

"Miss Stoneborough is powerful, but, Forest, while she might make them accept me, she could not force them to forget or forgive. Now, dear, much as I love you, and no one can appreciate how much that is; anxious as I would be to be with you and to have our little one born to your name, yet I would tell you that I would never willingly again see you, were it not for the purpose which has brought me here."

"Perhaps you forget, darling, that I would have something to say about this matter. You are my wife according to common law in this State. I have passed you off as my wife more than once, have introduced you as my wife, and that is sufficient. Now, what say you?"

"Sufficient for me to claim, but not for you, I believe. Still, that is neither here nor there. Before I tell you what brought me here, I will ask you if you will marry me, as soon as possible, and take me away."

"You know I will. Indeed, I would consent to nothing else. I have been hunting for you with detectives for that very purpose. Why was it that I could find no trace?"

"Mary left no address when we moved, because, as usual, she owed a number of bills. As none of us get letters, we left none with the postoffice. Poor people can disappear easily in a big city. But, Forest, listen, dear. First let me kiss you and tell you how I love you, will always love you, and that I ask no questions, want to know nothing, simply to tell you facts."

Forest strained her to his breast and said so gently and tenderly that her eyes filled with tears:

"What is it, daring? Nothing matters if I can have you with me."

"Forest, dear, I have gone through a very terrible experience this afternoon. See here," laying the ring Ted had found, in his hand.

"Your ring, Lilly, where in God's name did you find it?"

"Remember I ask nothing, I want to know nothing, but let me tell you," and in a few words she told him the story of the afternoon. The blood gradually receded from his face as she spoke, but her tender hand never relaxed its hold of his, and when she finished she laid her lips on his, and after tenderly kissing him, concluded:

"If there should happen to be any danger, see if Miss Stoneborough will help you. Marry me as soon as you can, and we will leave this city with horrible memories for us both."

Forest sat looking at the floor with eyes which were blank, until she had finished, then he lifted his head and asked:

"And you are willing to marry me without any questions?"

"I implore of you to marry me," Lilly cried, flinging her arms about his neck. "Do not stop to talk."

"Is there anything equal to the forgiveness and divinity of a woman's love? What have I ever done but bring sorrow upon you, and yet, Lilly, Lilly, if I can ever repay you! It's not much you'll get, poor girl, for a man who has lived at the pace I have isn't likely to have a long life; but, poor girl, poor girl, if you want me! And without any questions! Oh, God, one could believe in a Redeemer if he were a woman, for a woman stops at no sacrifice."

"Forest, kiss me once more, and, come, now, go. Time is flying. Mary has notified the police, and you ought to be making arrangements."

"You are right, my darling. Can you go off with me tonight?"

"Any time, my dear."

"Come here, if you can, dear, at half-past ten. I will get a clergyman to marry us, and we can take the midnight train from the city. There is no immediate danger; do not tremble so. Do not leave here. Just lie down and rest."

"I must tell Mary; she has been so good to me."

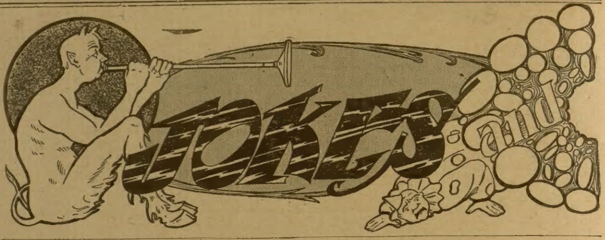
"Just as you wish, dear, now, good-by, my own darling wife. Just a few short hours, and we will be together for the rest of our lives. Good-by," and as he held her in his arms, Forest appreciated for the first time what a priceless gift a true woman's love is, and how worthy of all honor and gentleness was the one who had given up so much for him.

This exceedingly interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Any one desiring to subscribe regularly for the paper will be sent a camera or patterns free, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

### Poor George.

"George calls me his queen," remarked the athletic girl, as she glanced fondly at her new engagement ring.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed the sympathetic chum, "what a rude awakening it will be for him when the honeymoon begins to wane and you proceed to cut loose with your 'divine right!'"



## A NEW ROUTE

### The Road to Wellville.

It is by change of diet that one can get fairly on the road to health after years of sickness, for most ill health comes from improper feeding.

What a boon it is to shake off coffee sickness and nervous headaches as some car if determined upon.

One woman accomplished it in this way: "A few years ago I suffered terribly from sick and nervous headaches being frequently confined to my bed two or three days at a time, the attacks coming on from one to four times in every month. I tried medicines of all kinds but could get no real relief until my parents finally persuaded me to quit the use of coffee altogether and try Postum Food Coffee. It had come to a point where I was so utterly miserable that I was willing to make any reasonable trial.

"A person couldn't believe what followed but the results speak for themselves; that was two and a half years ago and I have never tasted coffee since. I use Postum not only for its delicious flavor but more for the good it has done me. All of my troubles disappeared as if by magic and I have for the past two years been doing all the work for my family of six. I seldom have even a slight headache and I would not give up my Postum and go back to coffee now unless I deliberately intended to commit suicide.

"All of my neighbors it seems to me now use Postum in place of coffee and some of them have been doing so for several years with splendid results from the health point of view." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

### Masculine View.

Wife (reading)—Here's an account of a man who hanged himself with his suspenders.

Husband—Married man?

Wife—Yes.

Husband—That accounts for it.

Wife—How does it?

Husband—His buttons were probably all off and he had no other use for suspenders.

### Radisson on the Chippewa.

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### Knew Her Business.

"Is your wife a good cook?" asked the visitor from out of town.

"Is she?" echoed the flat dweller. "Say, you just ought to be around when she roasts the janitor."

### In the Opaque Past.

Rodrick—Has he lived in Chicago long?

Van Albert—I should say so. Why, he can actually remember a day when there was no strike going on.

### In Self-Defense.

"See here, prisoner," said the magistrate, "you'll have to stop those frequent interruptions. You are wasting the time of this court."

"But your honor, it's up to me to clog the wheels of justice," replied the prisoner. "I cannot afford to hire a lawyer to do it for me."

### An Experience Meeting.

They had made a night of it together and the following afternoon they met again.

"Hello, old chap!" exclaimed Naggs. "Got home all right, eh?"

"Yes," replied Jaggs, gloomily, "but my wife wouldn't speak to me."

"Lucky fellow," said Naggs. "Mine did."

### His Only Comment.

Mrs. Enpeck—Did you hear about that man in Ohio who got into trouble by marrying six women?

Enpeck—No; but I'm personally acquainted with a man a good deal nearer home who acquired a job lot of trouble by marrying only one woman!"

### Boys and Men.

Mr. Grumps (reading the paper)—An eight-year-old boy strangled a baby because it cried.

Mrs. Grumps—When he grows up and gets married, and has children of his own, he won't do anything like that. He'll only want to.

### Proper Thing.

Gyer—I'm going to take my dog to the dentist and have a couple of his teeth filled with tin.

Myer—Why don't you have them filled with silver.

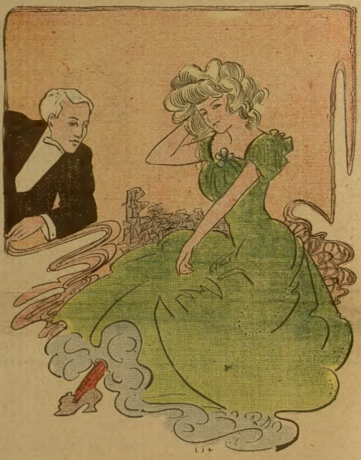
Gyer——Oh, tin is the proper thing for a growler.

### Actions Speak Loud.

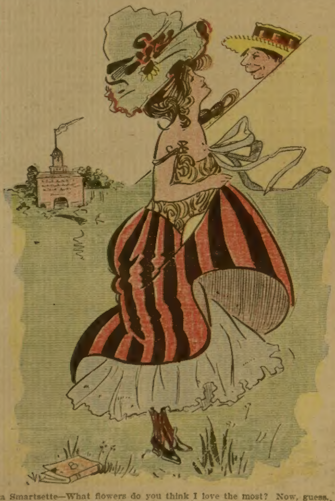
Smith—When Enpeck's wife died she expressed a wish that they might meet again in Heaven.

Jones—What did he say in reply?

Smith—Nothing; but he hasn't been near a church since the funeral.



Katherine (angrily)—Cholly put his arm around my waist twice.
Kidder—My! He must have a pretty long arm.



Vera Smartsette—What flowers do you think I love the most? Now, guess.
Jack Hardup—Oh! I know; the most expensive ones.

### An Exception.

"Ah," sighed the moralizer, "after a man shuffles off this mortal coil he is soon forgotten."

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the demoralizer. "My wife's first husband has been under the sod for ten years and I am not allowed to forget him."

## A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (The Clothier), says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Disease will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He makes no charge whatever for the favor.

### As Explained.

Peckem—So young Wilkins is to be married next week, is he?

Enpeck—Yes; I'm sorry to say he is.

Peckem—Why are you sorry?

Enpeck—Because he's a good fellow who never harmed any one.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children** teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

### Matrimony's Weak Point.

She—If every atom of the human body is renewed every seven years, I cannot be the same woman that you married.

He—I've been suspecting that for some time.

### Brother Sparks Again.

"Bruddahs en sistahs," said old Parson Sparks, "ef de church bell attracted people lak de dinneh bell de pews would be filled in two minutes after de fus' ringin'."

### Hobson's Choice.

Guest (in cheap restaurant)—Well, waiter, what have you got?

Waiter—Beefsteak and fish; but the fish is all out. Which'll you have?

### Compression.

Quinn—I tell you, a man in quicksand must feel in a tight place.

DeFonte—That's nothing. Imagine a fat man in a bathing suit that shrinks.

### Gentle Rebuke.

Husband (very late from the club)—H'm! I told you not to sit up for me.

Wife (sweetly)—I didn't. I got up to see the sun rise.

### Friendly Advice.

Burglar—Don't shoot!

Householder (angrily)—Why shouldn't I shoot? You came here to rob, and, if necessary, to murder.

"Just so. I ought to be shot, and, as you've got the drop on me, you can do it; but for your own sake, I advise you not to."

"Why not, pray?"

"First, the shot will call the police, who will rush in, smash whichever head they find up, and that will be yours; second, you'll be hurried off to a filthy cell, full of disease and bedbugs, and kept there until the day for trial; third, although you will be declared not guilty, of course, you will have to pay the lawyers. Better let me carry off what I've got, and sleep in peace and comfort. I'll thank you for your purse."

"Here, take it. Burglars come cheaper than lawyers."

### Sure of Adoption.

Inventor—Now, I've struck it! I have invented a new life-saving contrivance for trolley cars. Look at the drawing.

Friend—Too complicated. Sure to be expensive. No road will buy it.

Inventor—They won't, eh? Just wait! They will actually tumble over each other in their haste to adopt it. My machine raises the victim from the tracks and pitches him over the dashboard into the car, where the conductor can collect his fare.

### A Kind Employer.

Clerk—I am to be married shortly. Could you manage to increase my salary a little?

Employer—Couldn't, really. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my boy. I'll shorten your hours during the first three months, so that you can spend your evenings at home, and after that I'll lengthen them again, so that you will have an excuse to get away.

### He Surely Will.

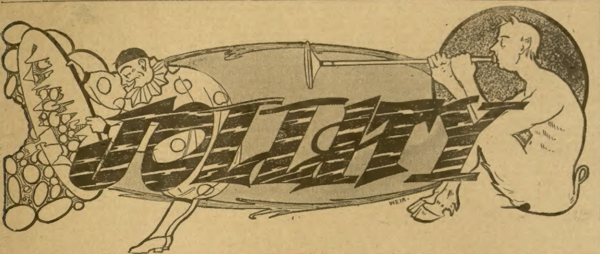
Wantanno—I wonder if Gabsky will recite for me at my little party this evening?

Duzno—He will unless you know some as yet undiscovered way to prevent him.

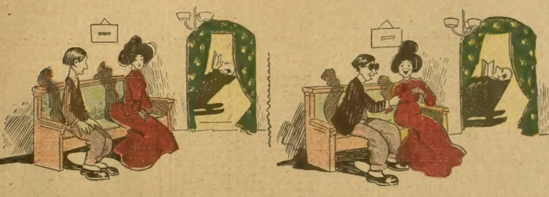
### A Pennsylvania Wedding.

First Neighbor (in the coal region)—How did zee weddingski come offski?

Second Neighbor—Very stylishki. Twenty-three heads brokeski.



### GRAPPLING WITH THE EMERGENCY.



Ethel—I'm sorry, Bertie, but pa won't let me turn the gas down.

Bertie—I suspected as much, and so I've brought two pairs of smoked glasses. Let us put them on at once.

### A Cooking Secret.

Mr. E. Conomie—Did you write to that man who advertises to show people how to make desserts without milk and have them richer?

Mrs. E. Conomie—Yes; and sent him the dollar.

"What did he reply?"

"Use cream."

### Always Studying Something.

Wife—Do you believe it is true that Edison has discovered a way to do without sleep?

Husband—Might be. Perhaps he has been investigating a baby.

---

Servant—Please, mum, Mrs. Nexdoor wants you to lend her some reading matter suitable for a sick person.

Mistress—Certainly. Give her those medical almanacs.

### How It Happened.

"You say that drink was the cause of your downfall," said the kind-hearted visitor at the jail.

"Yes," answered Meandering Mike, "I met a gentleman dat was too intoxicated to take care of his money. An' de temptation was too great."

### Decadence of Dramatic Criticism.

First Nighter—The man who writes the dramatic criticisms for your paper does not know a good play from a bad one.

Editor—I know it, but what can we do? He is the only man on the staff who is tall enough to see over the bonnets.

---

"My wife is a famous cook," Mullins announced, proudly.

"So?" responded Barlow, indifferently.

"Yes, sir; she concocts sauces that make even health foods palatable."

### Theory and Practice.

Wife—Do newspaper writers sit up all night?

Husband—I believe so.

Wife—That explains it, then.

Husband—Explains what?

Wife—The household department of this paper recommend roast potatoes for breakfast. One would have to sit up all night to have the oven hot enough.

### Proof Positive.

Mrs. Neighbors—I met an old school chum of mone today that I hadn't seen for five years.

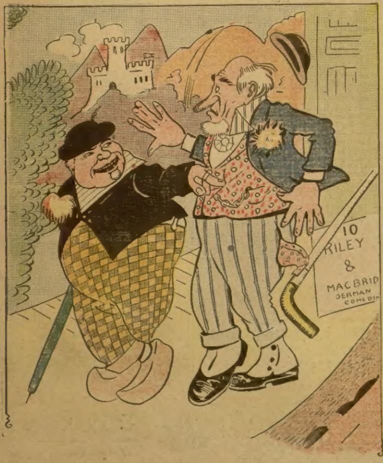
Mrs. Homer—And, of course, you were very much surprised?

Mrs. Neighbors—I certainly was. Why, I actually forgot to notice what she had on.

### Plenty of Sleeve.

Husband—My dear, don't you think that dress a—er—trifle immodest?

Wife—Immodest! Goodness me! Just look at the sleeves!



"I eat a yard uv pork today."
"How vos dot?"
"Vy, tree pig's feet—und tree feet make vun yard, ain't it?"

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# THE FATAL HAND.

BY WILLIAM A. PINKERTON.

Train robberies on the Pacific Coast roads had been frequent, and the express companies, which were the greater sufferers, were using every means to catch and punish the offenders. The boldest of these adventures had been the holding up of a train on the Southern Pacific Railroad near Sacramento. The bandits had entered the express car, murdered the express messenger, detached the car from the rest of the train and forced the engineer to pull them down the road a mile or two, where they opened the express safe and got away with about $60,000 in twenty-dollar gold pieces, the property of the Wells-Fargo Express Company.

The only thing left by the robbers, by which they might be traced was the imprint of a bloody hand upon a package of paper in the express car. This was turned over to Clem Maitland, a detective with a leaning toward the psychic.

"A wonderful hand," he exclaimed, as soon as his eyes fell upon it. "I have never seen another like it. Look at this third finger. It is longer than the second. The owner of that hand would take a chance if it stood only one in ten thousand to succeed. He has great will power, too, as the length of the first phalange of the thumb indicates. He has no moral nature. I could almost swear to the identity of the man whose hand left that impression if I were to meet him on the street."

Maitland had been successful in working up some hard cases, and he was given this one with permission to work it out as he pleased. That suited him exactly. He had peculiar theories and found it impossible to work with any one else successfully.

For two months Maitland walked the streets of the Coast cities, studying the hands of the people he met. He was determined to find the robbers through the lines of that bloody hand. He had built up from them the form and characteristics of the man who had left the impression and his whole theory depended upon the solution of the problem through these means. He scanned the white hands of culture and refinement, the hands of sports, the coarse, rough hands of toil; everywhere and always he was looking for that peculiar hand with its long third finger and strongly-marked characteristics.

One day on Market street in San Francisco he came upon a crowd greatly excited over a deed of heroism just performed. A gentleman had rescued a young girl from under the feet of a runaway team at the risk of his own life. His arm had been broken in the adventure, and he had been carried away, bleeding and insensible, to his lodgings near by. The girl, who was evidently from the country, had insisted on going with him to nurse the sufferer if needed. But what interested Maitland most was the story told of the man himself. He had appeared in the city several months before from no one knew where, set himself up in expensive lodgings, and had since been spending money lavishly, all in twenty-dollar gold pieces. He was known as Hugo Van Staal and posed as a German baron.

Here was a clew at last. The money taken from the express company had all been in twenty-dollar gold pieces. The hand of the robber was the hand of the man who would take just such chances as this man had taken in the rescue of the girl. Maitland got a boy to point out the location of the "baron's" lodgings, and then went home to study up a line of action.

A three days' investigation by Maitland developed the startling and almost incredible fact that Baron Van Stall was none other than John Bohm, a former tramp, who has long been a familiar figure on the Coast, occasionally working for a short time and then with his scanty earnings going off with a dog and a tent to the woods, where he lived a gypsy life until his money was gone.

This transformation could be accounted for on no ordinary hypothesis. A hobo of yesterday living today the gilded life of a profligate nobleman. Nothing was too good for the Baron. He fell in with the game as one to the manner born; that he knew of better days before becoming an outcast was evident. With a retinue of lackeys ever at his heels, fawning sycophants to flatter, he did the swagger with the ease of a Beau Brummel. A rain of gold he showered upon his friends. Carriages for drives, yachts for outings, everything responded to his beck. What jolly days and nights there were for ladies of the ballet! And the suppers with carte blanche to the chefs—there were none like them in town. "Wine, women, mirth and laughter," and the Baron paid the freight with a condescending indifference that caused the revelers to gasp in awe. But was he the kind of man, were he tramp or exquisite, to successfully plan and carry out daring train robberies? Did he have a third phase of existence, that of the fearless highwayman?

Maitland determined on a bold venture. The next day he called on Baron Van Staal. As he was going up the stairs to his lodgings he met a slip of a girl. There were tears in her blue eyes and her lips were trembling with suppressed sobs.

"What is the matter, little girl? Can I be of any service to you?" he inquired gently.

"No, sir. I have been bringing flowers every day for the gentleman who saved my life. They told me he was pleased to get them. But today a lady is with him and she threw my flowers out of the window and told me I must not bring any more, for they annoyed him."

"That is too bad. There may be some mistake."

"Oh, sir, do you think so?"

"I will try and find out for you. What is your name?"

"Mabel Davis, sir. I live with my aunt over on Telegraph Hill. We are too poor to buy flowers, but I gathered them for him."

"Well, don't worry. I am on my way to call on the Baron and will make inquiries and let you know. Meet me here tomorrow at this hour."

The girl thanked him and Maitland went with the message that he was an Eastern tourist who had heard of the Baron's heroism and called to pay his respects. A tall, dark woman received him. She was beautiful and dressed extravagantly, but there were lines of dissipation in her face, and the keen eyes of the detective discovered cigarette stains on her taper, white fingers.

"I beg pardon for this seeming intrusion, Baroness, but I did not wish to leave the city without paying my respects to your brave husband. I hope he has sufficiently recovered to receive me."

Flattered by the distinction of being taken not only for a wife but a Baroness, the woman ushered the visitor into the room where a man lay on a richly-draped couch. His pale face was kindly and prepossessing, although certain lines about the mouth and chin betokened indolence and weakness of character. Not the face to match the hand of the robber, was Maitland's mental comment. The Baron waved him a welcome with his free hand and he sat down. The right arm of the prodigal tramp was swathed in splints and bandages so that the hand was entirely concealed, but the left hand which lay upon the counterplane was slender and well formed, with the second finger extending the usual length beyond the others. If only the other hand were visible! What mysteries did those bandages conceal? He longed to tear them away and satisfy himself. If this man was guilty he was fast spending the money of the express company. If he was not, the detective was losing valuable time. But there was nothing to do but wait. A wrong accusation would reveal his plans to the world and bring ridicule instead of praise. He mentioned meeting a girl on the stairs and saw a new light come into the man's eyes. But those of the woman flashed with hatred. "I sent her away," she said curtly. "She annoys the Baron with her attentions. She is nothing but a street waif at the best, and not worth one of the many pains he is suffering for his foolhardy adventure."

"I told you I would like to see her when she came again, Mollie," he said weakly. She frowned at the name and apologized for him.

"A pet name the Baron has given me. He forgets there is a stranger present."

The Baron turned his head on the pillow and Maitland thought he saw the shadow of a smile cross his features. Then he turned his attention to the woman and was successful in winning from her an invitato call again the next day.

That night thieves entered the Baron's lodgings and carried away some $1,800 in gold that he had secreted under the floor. When Maitland heard of it he hastened to his new acquaintance to offer his sympathies. He was shown the place where the carpet had been ripped up to get at the hidden treasure. And there in the dust upon the board was the imprint of a hand, the hand with the long third finger.

"They were not very sharp," said the Baron carelessly, "or they might have found more." Then he sent for a clerk of a bank, had his man remove bricks from the chimney and take out $20,000 in gold twenty-dollar pieces which he had deposited to his credit.

That this was the money taken from the express car Maitland felt confident, and yet he had no proof. If the man on the couch was the real bandit, how came the imprint of that hand in the dust? Had he robbed himself to create a sensation, or was he, after all, innocent? That hand under the bandages! He must see it at any cost and without delay. Mollie went out and left them sipping wine together. Maitland looked across the table at the arm lying stiff in its splints and bandages. Then he got up and went to the window, standing with his back to his companion. When he returned there was a look of determination on his face. "Let us drink to the health of the little flower-girl!" he cried. "What a little beauty she is!"

"A strange creature, surely," replied the other with interest. "I had hoped to see her and thank her for the flowers she sends. But Mollie has frightened her so that she dare not come. When this cursed arm is out of the splints I shall be free, and then——"

"And then you will find your little admirer ready to receive you. Gad, Baron, you are a lucky fellow! And patient, too, If I were in your place I should be tempted to defy that old doctor and get out at once. your arm must be well knit by this time."

"That's how it seems to me, but he is an obdurate old ass."

"I wish I might have a look at your bruised member," said Maitland, carelessly. "I studied surgery once and might find reasons for disagreeing with this old sawbones. S'pose we take a look at it, anyway?"

"Could you put it up again so that he wouldn't suspect?"

"Right and tight as a package of tea," said the detective, draining his glass.

The Baron poured out some brandy and drained it at a gulp. "To it, then, before Mollie gets back. I half suspect she stands in with the doctor to keep me housed up here for fear I will see the little girl."

Maitland needed no second invitation. With the penknife he quickly cut the ban- With the penknife he quickly cut the stitches and rapidly unrolled the bandages. His hand shook and his face flushed as fold after fold was unwound.. The other watched him coolly without once wincing. At last the splints lay bare. Maitland lifted them gently away, his gaze riveted on the fingers.

"What's the matter with you, man? It's the arm that is broken, up here. The fingers are all right."

"The fingers are all right," said the detective, setting his teeth to hide his disappointment. "It isn't the same at all."

"What isn't the same? They haven't changed hands on me, have they?"

"I could almost believe they had," Maitland rejoined under his breath. "But say, you don't need to be cooped up here any longer. That old doctor is a fraud. Your arm is in fine shape. I'll put on the bandages and we'll go out together for an airing. What do you say to a drive out to the Hill to see Mabel?"

"I'm with you," cried the other. "Hurry up and we'll get off at once."

That night Maitland paced his room for hours, trying to find the end of the thread that would unravel this mystery. The deeper he had gone into it the more he was puzzled. The hand of the Baron was not the hand of the robber. Of that he was certain. And yet the money he was spending lavishly was no doubt the very money taken at that time. Had the tramp been one of a company to commit the crime has accomplices would have shown up for their share of the plunder. Yet here he was spending it openly and in a manner to attract the greatest possible attention to himself. Then there was the imprint of this hand on the dust under the carpet. That was left by the real thief. Who was he and how did he learn of the secret hiding place? Could it be Mollie—yes, why not? The belief that the hand under the bandages was the guilty one had blinded him. She was an accomplice of the real thief and was helping him to get the money that he had somehow lost to the tramp. It was through her that he must work to catch the real criminal.

With this end in view Maitland visited daily with the Baron and encouraged the latter's attentions to Mabel. This was not a difficult task. Mabel was such a sweet little body that the Baron was soon head over heels in love with her. He showered her with presents, dressed her in silks and laces, took her to drive daily and gave out everywhere that they were to be married. Mollie was furious, but her hold on the Baron was gone. He refused her entrance to his quarters, sent back her letters unopened, and passed her on the street with scarcely a nod of recognition. Maitland kept Mollie informed as to their love affair. He wished to make the Baron so hated by his former sweetheart that she would try to ruin him. At the same time he was gaining her confidence. After several weeks of this maneuvering he made an engagement with Mollie to meet him at dinner. She was also to bring her brother, who had but recently turned up, and whom Maitland was very anxious to see. When this was all arranged Maitland invited the Baron and Mabel to the same luncheon.

Mollie came first and her brother followed. Something in the man's face or figure seemed very familiar to Maitland, and yet he did not remember to have seen him before. But as the brother raised a glass of wine the detective almost leaped from the chair. There, clasped about the champagne glass were the fingers he had been so long seeking. There was no mistaking the hand. He would have known it among a million. How many hours he had pored over its outlines, building up from the faint red lines a complete structure. He had often thought he could tell just the texture of the skin. And here it was just as he had pictured it. He knew now why the man had seemed familiar to him at the outset. The face and figure of the man corresponded with his speculations. It was as though a figure out of dreams had been suddenly materialized. His heart was in his throat, but habit was stronger than emotion and saved him from betraying himself. The Baron and Mabel, would they never come? He talked commonplaces while his brain was on fire. He ordered wine and forced it on his companions for fear they might go before his plan was worked out. To arrest this man now was to bungle and Maitland was an artist.

At last they came; the Baron tall and courtly, his companion fresh and pretty as a wildwood flower. For this night she had laid aside her new finery and wore a simple dress, no ornaments save a bunch of violets at her throat. At their entrance Mollie's eyes flashed fire, and the man beside her grew livid. But before a word could be said Maitland sprang up, and, grasping the Baron's hand, cried: "My dear fellow, how glad I am to see you! Come and sit at our table. And you, Miss Mabel, how pretty you are tonight! Here are some old acquaintances. Now we shall have a jolly time."

"I decline to meet them," cried Mollie, rising.

"A tramp and a street waif!" sneered the brother.

"Take that back, or, by heaven! you will never speak again!" shouted Van Staal, advancing on the stranger.

"You are, you know you are!" shrieked Mollie, beside herself with rage. "Where did you get the money with which to trick out this little minx? From the express company. All I need to do is to say the word and you go to the pen."

"And then," cried her companion, "your little pet there can go back to the streets!"

A blow on the cheek cut the sentence off short. The brother staggered under the force of it, but, drawing a revolver, would have fired had not Maitland caught his hand and wrestled the weapon from him. But he was now mad with rage, and springing at the Baron's throat he cried:

"Tramp! thief! devil! It is my money you have been spending; mine, mine, mine! You dug it up out there in the swamp and ran away with it. I will have your life!"

"Not just yet," said Maitland, stepping between the two men and covering both with a revolver in each hand. "Your lives are too precious to be wasted in that way. For the present they belong to me."

He blew upon a whistle and four officers entered.

"Take charge of these men," he said. "Handcuff them securely and see that they do not escape. This lady, too, may as well go along. This little girl is innocent. I will see that she is properly cared for."

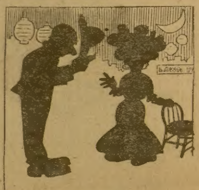
At the trial the Baron, with ingenious complacency, confessed his part in the affair. He smilingly acknowledged his identity; that Baron Van Staal and John Bohm, the tramp, were one and the same person. His remarkable rise in the world he explained to be the sheerest accident. It happened a few weeks earlier when hoboing through a mountainous district out on the Southern Pacific. He had left the railway track, intending to take a short cut through some timber to a hamlet near by. Tired, footsore and hungry he had never before been so down on his luck. A few mouthfuls of food he must beg and if possible find a shed to protect him from the cold. Night was coming on, but he struck out into the woods unmindful. On and on he wandered into the gloom until black night enveloped him. Lost, bewildered, almost fainting with fatigue, he tumbled over a hollow log and lay there in a state of coma until awakened the next morning by the warblings of the birds in the trees. Opening his eyes in a dazed sort of way, realizing he was chilled, he noticed the hollow log. Viewing it as a possible shelter he reached in his hand to discover its feasibility. His hand struck something. It was round and hard and cold. Withdrawing the object he found it to be a $20 gold piece. Half crazed with delight he made another dive and dragged out handfuls.

The rest of his story is easy. There was $60,000 in the log. It had been hidden there by the real robbers at the time of the crime, but before they returned the tramp had become a Baron and their money was gone. And as the Baron casually remarked on the witness stand he "certainly had a jolly time burning it up." Maitland had the satisfaction of demonstrating his hand theory, for Mollie turned State's evidence and the highwayman turned out to be Barkley, one of the most daring thieves and highwaymen in the country, and was shortly afterward executed in San Quentin.

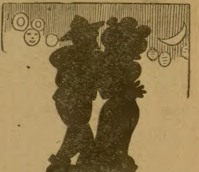
Mabel Davis declared her belief in the man who had saved her life, gave up all her jewels and finery that Van Staal had presented to her, and pleaded so hard with the Judge for his acquittal that he was discharged on the promise that he would give up his roving and settle down to earn an honest living. He and Mabel were married and are now living happily on a little farm in California.

And in Maitland's office hangs a frame in which is displayed the print of the hand that played such a part in establishing his theory of psychics applied to detective work.

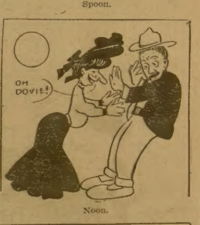
## A Revelation.



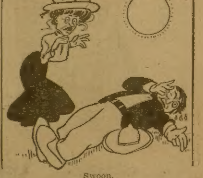
Moon.



Spoon.



Noon.



Swoon.

## Old, Old Story.

Jack—I should imagine that women would like originality. Seems to me they'd hate repetition.

Mabel—Well, yes; excepting the phrase "I love you."

FREE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Famous Michigan Doctor Announces the Discovery of a Marvelous Mysterious Secret Compound That Almost Instantly Cures Consumption, Coughs, Throat and Lung Troubles.

It Has Been Tried and Tested by State Officials and Great Medical Men Who Pronounce it the Grandest Discovery of the Age.

A Large Trial Package Sent Free by Return Mail to All Who Send their Name and Address.

I have made the most marvelous discovery in the realms of medicine. I have produced a mysterious compound unknown to other chemists or to medical science, and it has proven the most wonderful cure for consumption, coughs, throat and lung troubles ever discovered.

I Cure Consumption, Coughs, Throat and Lung Troubles —Dr. Yonkerman.

I have taken consumptives who were gasping upon their death-beds, given up by their own home physicians to die in a day or two, and I have cured them completely. Time and again I have restored health to consumptives who were in the very jaws of death. My marvelous and mysterious compound, of which I alone hold the secret, will cure any case of consumption, coughs, throat and lung troubles, no matter how far advanced. Where there is life there is hope, for my marvelous compound will cure consumption in every stage. I furnish proof in thousands of instances. The leading men in nearly every civilized community have carefully investigated my wonderful discovery and all have been compelled by the stories of those I have cured of the deadly consumption to acknowledge that my work is little short of miraculous, and that I positively do cure consumption, no matter how many remedies or doctors have failed.

My famous discovery for the cure of consumption is emphatically endorsed by the following noted men:

The Rev. Edward Collins, of Detroit, Mich., one of the most noted pulpit orators in the west.

Hon. E. A. Moriarity, secretary of the Division of Health, Department of Public Safety, Columbus, Ohio.

Hon. A. T. Park, Duluth, Minnesota, County Superintendent of Schools and one of the foremost educators in the U. S.

Senator Henry J. Gjertsen, of Minneapolis, Inspector General of the State of Minnesota, and member of Governor Van Sant's staff.

Hon. Harry L. Fisher of Greater New York, one of the best known business men in New York, and a famous political leader.

Hon. W. B. Hennessy, managing editor of the St. Paul (Minn.) Globe, and prominent member of the Minnesota Legislature.

Hon. J. M. Brenton, mayor of Des Moines, the capital of Iowa, and one of the noted orators in the west.

Hon. W. H. Hinrichsen, former Secretary of State of Illinois, and ex-member of Congress.

Hon. L. P. McCormack, State Labor Commissioner of Indiana, and one of the most popular men in his state.

Hon. S. M. Fries, Lincoln, Neb., [illegible] of the Nebraska State Legislature.

Hon. Richard E. Burke, Chicago, [illegible] leader in the Illinois House of Representatives, and noted lawyer.

Hon. Ralph S. Gregory of Muncie, Ind., one of the most noted criminal lawyers in the United States.

Judge W. O. Cardwell, Kansas City, one of the best known jurists and public men of the State of Missouri.

Sheriff John Powers of Omaha, one of the best known criminal hunters in the west.

Hon. D. J. O'Brien, Omaha, who is popularly known as "the Delmonico of Omaha" and the west.

I do not ask any consumptive to take my word for this, I want every person sick and suffering from consumption to write me. Ad[illegible], Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, [illegible] Shakespeare Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich., and I will gladly send them, by return mail, a large trial package absolutely free, all charges prepaid, and I guarantee that no matter how sick or discouraged you are this trial treatment will convince you and do you more good than all changes of climate or other remedies.

# Links of Love and Gold.

(Continued from page five.)

"Gold, perhaps, as ransom for your safe return."

"No; for my father is not rich enough to offer a large sum; and yet I can see no other motive, for I do not know of any enemy I have in the world."

"Strange, they were certainly in earnest."

"Indeed, they were, and to you I owe my escape, though it was at the loss of a human life, for that man fell as though dead."

"Doubtless; my aim is pretty sure; but he brought it upon himself. Do you live near here, lady?"

"Pardon me, my danger has quite made me forget, sir, that there are others who would thank you for the service you have rendered me. Come, go with me, sir, to my home; it is not far."

"Thank you, lady; I am on my way to the nearest town to pass the night, for I am roaming through your beautiful country merely for pleasure, having stolen a few weeks leisure from the cares of business in the city."

"The town is several miles away, so you must become the guest of Riverside Cottage, sir. It is now getting dark."

"As you are kind enough to invite me, I will accept, lady, for I am somewhat fatigued by a long day's ride. But allow me to introduce myself; my name is Gerald Grey. I am an Englishman by birth, a New York merchant by occupation, and a gentleman of leisure at present, wholly at your service," and the man bowed low.

"And I am simply Maud Melville, a farmer's daughter, who will take the greatest pleasure in presenting Mr. Grey to her parents. Come."

Slipping her hand in his proffered arm, Maud led the way to Riverside Cottage, the Englishman leading his horse behind.

Arriving at the cottage, a warm welcome was extended to Gerald Grey by Farmer Melville and his wife, for Maud was their idol, and in saving her from a great peril, her preserver had wholly won their hearts.

Thus first met Gerald Grey and Maud Melville, and between the two sprang up a most dangerous friendship—one that must eventually bring sorrow upon one of them, perhaps upon both.

This remarkable story of love and folly and crime will be continued next week. All Ledger subscribers are entitled to our free cameras and patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

# IN THE MOLDING ROOM.

BY CHARLES NEWTON HOOD.

The massive traveling cranes, carrying the huge ladles of molten iron, were rolling slowly back and forth through the great molding room.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the largest "heat" of the day was being taken off. The picture was a weird one. The day outside was dark and gloomy, and within the big building there seemed to be a premature twilight.

Clouds of steam rose from the damp sand, and here and there a brilliant glow showed where the melted iron was spurting from the cupola or being poured from the ladle into the molds in the sand. Groups of half-naked men hurried about, working with tremendous energy.

The new chairman of the board of directors, who had never witnessed such a scene, followed the general manager into the molding room rather timidly.

"It's hard work, you see," remarked the general manager, "and rather responsible work, too. Besides, it's mighty dangerous sometimes, and I don't know but what the men are justified in asking for their increase of pay."

The chairman did not reply at once, being apparently a trifle nervous. His little son, who was with him, clung tightly to his hand. The eyes of the boy were wide with wonder, but he seemed more fascinated than frightened.

The chairman patted the lad on the head to reassure him.

"They are never satisfied, I suppose," he said, drawing himself up and pulling his coat together in a way that important men have. "When we were losing money until our stock was down almost to where we would have had to pay people to take it, and we ran at a loss simply to keep our men together, they didn't complain; but now that there is a bare chance of a decent dividend, they want to share it with us."

The general manager shook his head. "They don't look into the matter strictly on the investment basis, I fear," he said.

"The trouble is," asserted the chairman, elevating his voice a little that it might reach the ears of the general manager above the din of the shop, "the rank and file of them are little better than horses, and," he went on, pleased with his comparison, "some horses I know would be ashamed of a good many of them."

"I was one of them myself for a good [illegible]," remarked the general manager [illegible].

"Of course I said 'the rank and file,'" interrupted the chairman, hastily. "There are exceptions in all classes as well as cases. Now, right on our board of directors there are men that a good, steady-going donkey would be ashamed of," and the chairman laughed in a highly self-satisfied way at the tactful manner in which he had set himself right.

The general manager smiled grimly, but made no response, and presently he suggested passing on to inspect the new brass foundry.

The little son, however, had become fascinated by the glowing metal, and he whispered that he wanted to stay longer. "I don't like to leave you alone," answered the chairman; "you might get in the way."

"Wants to stay, does he?" said the general manager. "Well, he can, if you are willing. I'll put him in charge of one of the men, and we can come through here on the way back. He will enjoy seeing them pour the big castings."

He beckoned to one of the men, a stalwart, curly-haired young fellow. "George," he said, "the little fellow wants to see the big ones poured. Take care of him until we come back."

"All right, sir." The workman held out his hand, and the boy promptly went to him.

"My stars!" ejaculated the chairman. "He's usually afraid of strangers."

"He knows a good horse when he sees one," remarked the general manager, as he stalked along ahead.

"Oh, now, I say," protested the chairman, "that was only my little joke."

"And this was only mine," returned the manager, smiling, as the big iron doors closed behind them.

George Smith, "Big George Smith" they called him, to distinguish him from "Little George Smith," who was a pattern maker, took the boy by the hand and led him over to a safe place by the stone wall of the building.

"If you will stand right there," he said, "you will be safe, and you can see everything."

The lad clung to the workman's hand for a moment to reassure himself.

"What is the hot, red stuff?" he asked, wonderingly.

"That isn't 'hot, red stuff,'" replied Big George, smiling. "That's red-hot stuff—melted iron. So hot that it runs like water, and in each of those boxes and piles of sand there is a sort of a hole, or hollow, that's just the shape of something that we want to make out of iron. We pour the hole full of the hot iron, and when it cools it turns hard again; then we shovel the sand away and there is the casting in there just the right shape, and all made of iron."

"How does the hole get there?" asked the little boy, promptly.

"We make a model of wood first and press the damp sand all around it, and when we take the model out it leaves its shape in the middle of the sand."

The lad wanted to ask how they got the model out, but a fellow workman just at that moment beckoned to Big George, and he turned away. "Now stand still, little one," he called back, "and you'll be all right!"

The great cranes came and went with their glowing loads of melted iron. Here and there teams of men hurried with hand-ladles to pour some of the smaller castings, and again the powerful crane would pause and discharge its entire load in a glowing stream through a single hole into the sand for some of the great castings.

The little fellow was fascinated by the scene. There was a row of holes which the big ladle filled, quite near him, and as one after another was poured he watched the process closely. There were three more, and the last one was quite close—not over fifteen feet away.

Twice more the crane came with its heavy load, and then rolled noisily back to the spurting cupola. Now it rolled toward him again. A half-dozen men came with it to help direct the pouring, which was to be the most important one of the day. The eyes of the boy glowed with excitement. This was to be the most thrilling spectacle of all.

The electric traveler overhead slowed and stopped. The enormous ladle was almost directly above the mold, the top of which was practically level with the surface of the floor. The great chains clanked as the huge receptacle was lowered to within a few inches of the ground. The "tilting-chain" was tightened slowly, until the "pilot stream," not much larger than a pencil, poured over the edge, and the men seized the guiding-levers to direct the pouring.

At that moment something happened. There was a clanking as if a crossed link in the chain had suddenly straightened out. The ladle tilted more to one side. An instant it hung there, and then with a rattle as of a ratchet it sank suddenly to the ground and turned on its side.

A great, glowing pool of molten metal poured out on the earthen floor and spread in every direction. A cloud of steam from the damp sand ascended to the rafters. The men knew the danger well. They had started back at the premonitory sounds, and now they fled, instantly, blindly, from the horrible flood.

The little boy stood with his back tight against the stone wall, wondering and thrilled, clasping and unclasping his hands. He was not frightened, but he fairly sobbed with the excitement of this terrific climax to the wonderful sights he had seen. His eyes were confused by the sudden glare of light, and a great wave of awful heat swept over him.

The first irresistible rush of the fiery wave was checked, but still it spread out slowly in rivulets and branches on every side, like the tentacles of some hideous monster. Several of these horrid, glowing arms were stealing toward him, silently, mercilessly. He turned to fly, first one way, then another. He was surrounded on every side. The little fellow gave one awful cry of terror and despair, and stood there, trembling and sobbing.

The men, who had fled instinctively at the first warnings, had turned now, and were gazing in horror at the terrible spectacle.

What could they do? Whatever was done must be done in an instant, for, second by second, the octopus-like arms of fire were creeping toward the boy. There was no time to wait and think out a plan of rescue, and Big George Smith had not waited.

Without a word he had rushed toward the boy. Men called to him to stop, but he did not hear them, or if he did he gave no heed. Leaping the arms of molten [illegible] sprang nearer and nearer the bo[illegible] he fell short a few inches. The heel of his boot barely touched the edge of one of the streams, and was cut off as with a knife.

With one last, mighty bound he reached the boy, and gathering him in his arms without a moment's hesitation he turned to retrace his steps. It was harder now. New streams and branches had formed, and interlaced and made pools of fire.

Keeping close to the wall, he hurried on desperately. The heat was stifling. Measuring with his eye, he leaped from spot to spot of floor yet uncovered, where sometimes only the half of his foot could rest, holding the lad high and close in his arms. Once he staggered and almost fell into the seething mass. The distance was less than thirty feet all together that he had to go, but so erratically had the liquid spread itself that his course was zigzag, here and there, wherever he could gain an instant's footing. To fall, he knew, meant death in its most horrible form for himself, and probably for the boy.

Out at the edge of the little lake of fire the men were working like mad with shovels, building dams of sand and throwing great shovelfuls on the outer edge of the pool to make a last footing, for the iron had filled in for several feet from the edge all of the bare spots which had served for stepping-places when Smith ran to the rescue but a moment before.

He was within twelve feet of the edge now, standing on a little hill of sand where there was only room for one foot to rest, and all around, on every side, was a sea of death. There was but one way, and he did not hesitate. Without pausing for a single instant he sprang as far as he could, splashed for a single step into the awful, burning floor, and staggered into the arms of the men waiting to receive him.

The father gathered his boy unharmed into his arms, while the men, trained to such emergencies, knelt over Big George Smith, tearing away what had once been shoes, and applying the "first aid" remedies, always at hand.

An hour later the surgeon came into the office, where the general manager and the chairman of the board of directors sat figuring out the details of the ten-per-cent increase in wages.

"We'll save his feet," said the surgeon, cheerily. "A little crippled, but still pretty good feet. There's a man for you!" he continued, with professional enthusiasm. "Wonderful vitality! magnificent physique!"

"Strong as a horse!" remarked the general manager.

"Please don't!" said the chairman of the board of directors, gently, and there were tears in his eyes. "Don't rub it in. The question now is, What can we do for Big George Smith?"

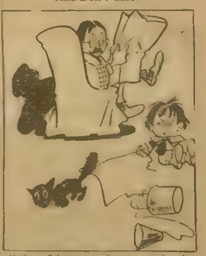
"Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do," said the general manager. "We need another assistant foreman for No. 3 Foundry, and there's no better man for the job. He's my choice."

"Em—m—yes," said the chairman, musingly. "Perhaps that will do—for the present. But I can't let you have him long. I have in mind a little private enterprise of my own which needs just such a man as he is, and I want to have him where I can keep my eyes on him."

"Lucky George Smith!" ejaculated the surgeon.

"Brave George Smith!" responded the capitalist, as if he were proposing a toast.—Youth's Companion.

## And Don't Care.



Father—Johnny, can't you make less noise?

Johnny—Don't know, pop. A feller don't know what he can do till he tries.

## As It Is Written.

Young Lady (in book store)—I would like something in the way of a novel that is really interesting.

Proprietor—Something on the romantic order or something realistic?

Young Lady—Which would you recommend?

Proprietor—Oh, it's merely a matter of personal taste. In the romantic novel the hero and heroine marry in the last chapter after all their troubles are ended and live happily ever after, while in the realistic they double up in the first chapter and then their troubles begin.

# Adrift on a Junk; Or, Boy Sailors of the China Sea.

## By St. George Rathborne.

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Begun in No. 29, July 18. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

### CHAPTER IX.

### HARPOONING A MAN-EATER.

Bob's enthusiasm only brought a faint smile upon the face of his comrade, for really Julian could not see very much to exult over—they were like a speck upon the broad and treacherous China Sea, with land hundreds of miles distant, capable of making but a limited number of leagues a day at the best, and constantly in danger from a repetition of the storm that had given the ill-fated brig her death blow.

The afternoon waned, with absolutely nothing of any moment occurring, save that the breeze began to die out, and the sun to feel scorching hot in consequence, so that they were one and all glad to cower in the scanty shade cast by the sail, and hope for [illegible]

[illegible] heat made them so exceedingly thirsty that, as Bob lugubriously put it, he could not think of anything else save the sparkling waterfalls and clear brooks in his own dear Devonshire hills; it also caused more or less of a run on the water-keg, which their limited supply did not sanction, and Julian was compelled to call a halt in this respect.

Several times they had noticed the dorsal-fin of a great shark cutting the water close by, and the boys found themselves looking in each other's faces with considerable appreehnsion, for the presence of the monster seemed frightfully significant.

They did not say anything about it to Tressie for fear lest it might give her a cruel shock, but this was not to prevent the girl from discovering the sabre-like fin herself, and wonder why the old fellow kept hovering about the raft as evening drew nigh.

Julian knew what fierce man-eaters frequent this tropical ocean, and he experienced a clammy feeling at the bare thought of an encounter with a monster while swimming for his life; of course, he knew all about the reckless manner in which the native pearl-divers of the far East attack the biggest shark, with only a knife for a weapon; but such a bit of work necessitates considerable practice, as well as courage, in order to bring about success—as for him, he begged to be excused.

They had a harpoon on the raft, which Julian picked up on board the brig, and which Captain Baxter had been pleased to use with sword fish in certain quarters at some time in his adventurous past; and while he watched this spotted warrior of the deep sailing around them, growing bolder all the while, and advancing closer until he actually brushed the outer edge of the raft with his tail, and splashed water upon them with the flirt he gave in turning, Julian was figuring as to whether it would not be a good idea to make a slash at the pirate, teaching him at least that he had better attend to other business elsewhere, and that they could get along quite as well without his attentions.

He picked up the iron and poised it a few times, while the others watched his actions with more or less interest. Julian hated to throw the weapon away, if by any means it could be made to do duty and be recovered; so that he attached a heavy cord to the end of the shaft, and secured this in turn to the mast.

All being now ready he stood at attention, awaiting the movements of Mr. Shark, who was not slow about coming in close again to take another longing look at his anticipated dinner.

This time his whole awful length was outlined and they could even see the cruel white teeth with which his jaws were lined, so arranged by nature that nothing upon which he once set them could ever escape again. Bob declared he had noted the same peculiarity in a big python with which he had once had a nasty encounter in India, only escaping by the opportune shot of his attendant chikidar or guide.

The huge monster of the deep came straight at the raft, as though determined to slap up against the frail support with the intention of knocking it to pieces, and distributing its human burden upon the surface of the sea, so that his meal would be ready in time. Julian was prepared and stood there with muscles set, holding his very breath with eagerness and resolution.

The leopard shark as before made a sharp turn just before coming into conflict with the raft, and, of course, the water splashed up over those who crouched there; but this Julian had anticipated, and he did not allow it to interfere a bit with his designs on that old chap.

The harpoon flew at just the proper instant, and when the shark's back was nearest the surface during his turn; it struck with a thud that was plainly heard, and buried itself in his tough hide.

Bob gave an instantaneous whoop, to show the delight he experienced over the success of his companion in playing at whaler.

"Ouch, but that hurt, Mister Spotted Pirate! Perhaps you will be good after this, and keep your distance, I'm thinking."

As he was wound up, Bob would no doubt have kept on for some time in this vaunting strain, had not something happened to cut him short; for when the harpooned shark had rushed away after receiving Julian's compliments he soon came to the end of his tether, whereat there was a sudden shock that threw every one on the raft down, and Tressie might have fallen overboard but for Kwang, who chanced to catch her arm ere this could happen.

Of course the heavy twine had broken under such a fierce assault, and the pained pirate of the deep sailed away with some jewelry ornamenting his side, though Julian fondly hoped the result would be an attack made by hungry fellows of like breed, attracted by the scent of his blood.

At any rate, they saw him no more which was the object Julian had in view when he risked the loss of the old harpoon; and the absence of the greedy-eyed monster was such a blessed relief that the boys had few scruples on account of the weapon which he had carried away with him.

Nightfall on the sea is always a solemn time, when the sun drops behind the level horizon, and darkness begins to creep over that vast waste, the borders of which no eye may discern; but it comes with additional force when the observer is floating upon a frail raft, at the mercy of the elements, and none of our four friends felt any enthusiasm over the glorious sunset, such as might have possessed them under more favorable conditions; indeed, the only thing that Julian could say was that the prospects seemed favorable for a decent morrow which meant a host of things necessary to their welfare.

The stars came out and looked down upon them, and what memories their companionship aroused. Julian could remember many occasions when he looked up at those bright worlds spanning the sky, and generally the circumstances were those connected with pleasure. Now it might be a jolly skating party, whose keen steel runners slashed the ice of the little river flowing past his native town, and in imagination he could once again hear the delightful clang of metal coming in contact with the frozen bosom of the slumbering stream; anon, it might be that he lay in a camp up in the pine woods, with his comrades all asleep about the fire, while wrapped in his blanket he kept watch and ward. Why, he even sniffed the salty air as though in expectation of inhaling that beloved aromatic spicy balsam of the Maine pines, never-to-be-forgotten.

These and other memories crowded into his mind while he lay there as best the circumstances allowed, with only the swish of the little wavelets against one end of the raft reminding him of their dismal plight.

Finally he, too, sank into a heavy slumber, for he was utterly wearied, and in great need of rest

The night wore on apace, the waves came and went, and a soft air fluttered the halliards that were rigged the better to pull the sail into place, wrapping the rope against the mast.

Once, twice, Julian awoke, and raised his head; but the others seemed to be sleeping so soundly, and so little could be done by raising the sail with so mild a current of air blowing that he concluded to let things go until the dawn came, and the wind freshened a bit.

All of them were up in time to see the sun peep over the sea-line, nor did they quite enjoy the idea of the warmth which he promised to shower upon them with unstinted hand; though even that was more to be desired than the appearance of clouds, with their threat of storm and wreck.

Another day stretched out before them, and who could say what it might not hold; at least they had much to be thankful for, which was the sensible way Julian had of looking at things, he being pretty much of what people call an optimist, scorning to brood over his trouble

For amusement during the morning he and Kwang set to work with certain appliances, consisting of hooks and lines, in order to see whether they could not catch fish, though success seemed a very doubtful quality thus far from land, still, there were certain species of edible fish accustomed to haunting the far-away places of the ocean, such as the mackerel of which Julian had always been so very fond; and it would really do no harm to keep a bait trailing after the float as they swept on their slow course.

Probably there are no people on the face of the earth who know how to fish better than the natives of China, for from times far back they have had to depend pretty much on rice and fish as a means for warding off starvation, and it is always worth while watching a Celestial staking his cunning against that of the denizen of the pools and the deep.

Kwang showed the Yankee some tricks that he had never heard of before and he, too, from the New England coast, where he had been thrown in with fishermen all his life, even accompanying some of them upon various voyages to the celebrated cod banks off Newfoundland.

And success actually attended their efforts, for after awhile Kwang drew in a struggling bit of silver [illegible] which he appeared to recognize as an old acquaintance, judging from the affectionate manner in which he held the captive up to the other's view, while a look of triumph overspread his amber-tinted face, as though in imagination he already enjoyed a feast.

It might do as a last resort, but as they had no fire to cook fish with, and not the slightest probability of securing such a necessity, Julian did not see how they were to be benefited by such a capture, until with many signs the heathen assured them that in his country people usually ate the fish in its primitive state, a fire being deemed quite unnecessary; and that by thus supplying himself with such an article of diet he would be leaving more of the ordinary provisions for the rest, as well as tickling his own palate.

Now, Julian had heard about some of the odd dishes which Chinamen fancy, as for instance sharks' fins and bird's-nest soup, but it was news to him that in any part of the immense domain they actually preferred to eat their fish raw—really, he thought, there could be no accounting for tastes since the very idea of such a thing made him feel squeamish.

That day was a scorcher, and all of them suffered while the sun beat down so unmercifully upon their heads; vain were their attempts to get in the shade of the sail, for the bit of canvas made hardly a streak across the raft in the neighborhood of noon, when the heat was at its worst; and they dared not take it down to fashion any better shield when the wind blew from a favorable quarter, and carried them along at the rate of some miles an hour.

Julian had a marine glass, and many times did he engage in the ever fascinating amusement of sweeping the horizon in search of a sail, or perhaps the floating smoke that might betray the presence of a passing steamer, bound between Hongkong and Manila, or it might be headed for distant Singapore; little these castaways cared which it might be if only they could find a shred of hope upon which to hang their longings.

Once he did discover a trail of dingy smoke, far away to the eastward, and eagerly he watched in the hope that the steamer might approach so that their presence would be seen, he caught a glimpse of her upon the far horizon, and saw she headed northwest, proving that her destination must be on the island city they had recently left behind; but it soon became evident that she would pass many miles away, and without the slightest hope of their being seen in all that immense waste of heaving waters, so that Julian was glad he had not called the attention of the rest to the indistinct line of smoke, which if they noticed at all they must have believed belonged to some low-lying cloud on the horizon.

In that way he saved them from experiencing his own feeling of intense disappointment; and yet the steamer had been close enough for him to at least imagine he could make out the British flag fluttering from the stern.

Now Julian let out his log and began to figure on the rapidity of their push through the water; but the result was not overly encouraging, for while the clumsy raft made a great ado with her square bow, and splashed many a shower of briny drops over the passengers, she was not doing "great stunts," as Bob declared, and when they forced him to tell the truth, Julian admitted with a grim smile that if everything went well, and the breeze only maintained its present ratio without either dying out or increasing to a gale they stood a fair chance of reaching the coast inside of four days.

There was not much encouragement in that, and yet it only remained for the castaways to keep on as they were doing, and leave the rest to other hands. Julian believed, like the Puritans of old, in keeping his powder dry, even while trusting in Providence.

It would be folly to attempt to describe what they said and did during the long weary hours while that burning sun scalded them, and they yearned for even a drop of cool water at a time to relieve their parched tongues; there was so little they could do besides possess their souls in patience.

No one was sorry when the orb of day sank out of sight, and the first breath of coolness sprang up with the evening breeze; yet Julian cast more than a few anxious glances toward the southeast, where gathered a few clouds which to his sailor eye promised trouble sooner or later.

### CHAPTER X.

### TWO DAYS WITH THE CASTAWAYS.

As the breeze kept up even after the night fell it was determined to keep the canvas in place, because every mile might count for something in working out their destiny.

Bob and Julian promised to take tricks, turn about, at the [illegible] and it being the [illegible] he arranged a place for Tressie, pleased to receive her soft thanks, which were a balm to his heart in this hour of tribulation.

As for himself he sat there as on the other night, looking up at the twinkling stars, and thinking of many things not connected with their adventure. It was not long ere he found Bob at his elbow, and then he understood that the other wished to engage in a whispered conversation, of course concerning their chances of escape from the peril that threatened.

"Did you notice 'em yonder, too?" asked the English lad, softly, pointing toward the southeastern horizon.

"Hush," said Julian warningly, motioning with his head toward the spot where the girl lay, only a few feet away.

"Oh, she's sound asleep, never fear. I made sure of that before I crept this way. And besides, even if she wasn't, I don't think she could hear what I'm whispering in your ear, old chap, with that sail flapping all the while. You saw the clouds, then?" he persisted.

Julian said he did, and from his manner it was quite evident the sight had not been of a nature to please him a bit.

"Trouble brewing yonder; may not come down on us before morning, but my eyes, that hot sun didn't stand for naught. Now, see here, be honest with me, and let's compare notes."

"That's all right, Bob; what d'ye want to know?" asked the Yankee lad.

"What chances would we have if another blow came on?"

"You mean like the last one, of course?" demanded Julian.

"Yes; as hard as that."

"Well, the chances are we'd go down before it had half reached its worst. You see we couldn't help ourselves from being washed off the raft, unless we tied ourselves to the timbers, and then we'd be drenched and pounded until there was no more life left in our poor bodies. Then I don't believe anything we could do would keep the raft together an hour in such a howling boomer. It's a bad go, Bob."

The other whistled just above his breath and seemed sobered more than his sailor friend could ever remember seeing him.

"I should remark it was a tough nut to crack. The worst of the whole business is the fact that a fellow can't strike out and do something like he could on shore. Here we are, and here we must remain, sucking our thumbs and waiting to take whatever is dealt out to us. It makes me mad."

"No use gritting your teeth, Bob; that won't mend matters. Now, I wouldn't feel quite so bad over it if she could only be saved; but we're in the same boat, and what comes to one must be dealt out to all. There are other things to worry me. Our supply of water is running low, and in another day I'm afraid we'll see the bottom of the cask, which is but a small one for four persons; then the tortures of thirst with a blazing sun overhead; ugh! it's a subject that doesn't possess any attractions for a fellow of my size

"Wait; wasn't it you that said only yesterday there's no need of crossing bridges till you come to 'em. Well, we haven't got to that plank yet, and who knows that we'll ever get there. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

Julian had just needed such a reminder; he was in a gloomy frame of mind and a little dose of his own medicine brightened him up amazingly

He squeezed the hard hand of the sturdy little English sailor lad.

"Right you are, and I'm going to keep a stiff upper lip after this, if only for the sake of the girl," was what he remarked, solemnly.

Then he told Bob about the steamer that had not come within miles of their floating prison, but which he had watched with such eagerness

"There may come another tomorrow," quoth Bob, cheerfuly, and Julian was pleased to find how philosophical his friend could be under discouragements.

They continued to chat in low voices for some time, though neither of them found himself able to advance any method of bettering their desperate condition an iota; theory might be all very well, but when it came down to actual experience, with the limited resources that were their stock in trade, the keenest-witted lawyer could not have seen a way out.

Bob was induced to lie down at length, and get some rest while he might.

"You may need it before morning," said Julian, "and I'll want a few whiffs of sleep myself, thank you."

By midnight the stars no longer peeped down from their vantage place in the heavens, or at least a screen had crept be-

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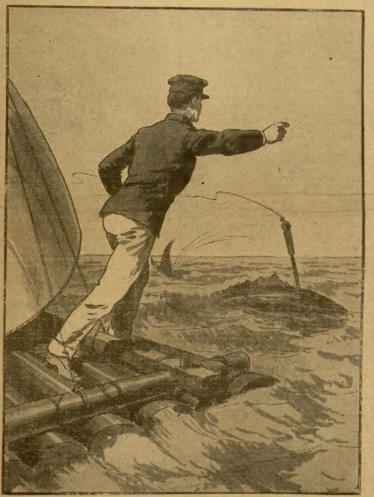

The harpoon flew just at the proper moment.

tween them and the surface of the waters; for the clouds which the boys had marked near the horizon had by this time spread completely athwart the blue arch, and darkness profound held full sway.

Away off in the distance could be heard a dull booming sound that gave our lads a chill, for at this time all upon the raft had been aroused, and were preparing to meet the anticipated danger as best their feeble means allowed. It was thunder without a doubt, and told that something was breeding, though Julian began to take heart of grace, since the conditions were so different from what they had been just before the advent of the typhoon, that he hoped this might be something far less dreadful.

And such it turned out to be.

True, the lightning was appalling, and the thunder banged with deafening salvos in their ears, until it really seemed as though the universe must have exploded, while the rain came down in sheets; but little or no wind accompanied the storm, for which they had reason to be exceedingly grateful.

Seized with an idea, Julian called to his comrades to assist, and with their help spread the sail in such a way that it acted as a reservoir to catch the tremendous downpour of water, running it into the little keg, which they filled in hardly more than fifteen minutes, such was the tropical nature of the deluge that was soaking them to the skin.

Little they cared, since it cooled their fevered flesh, and how they did quaff copious draughts of this Heaven-sent water, until it seemed as though they could never become thirsty more.

So it appeared that there may be times when it is folly to borrow trouble, and that what promised disaster brings succor; for they had not been injured in the least, were greatly refreshed, and their water-cask was running over with a delightful supply of the necessary life-giving fluid.

Then came the stars again, looking down benignly upon the drifting raft, as though curious to ascertain how the young travelers had fared since the rolling black clouds had shut them out; and Julian's heart sang a paean of thanksgiving to the merciful Providence that seemed to have sheltered them in the hollow of His hand.

Bob insisted on taking his turn as guardian, and the American lad dropped down just as he was in his soaked garments. What did it matter when such a balmy atmosphere surrounded them, and it was utterly impossible to take cold.

That rain freshened the air considerable, and when the sun arose as was his wont, over the level horizon, and surveyed his realm, there did not appear to be the same fierce promise of exhausting heat that had marked the preceding day, for which they one and all rejoiced exceedingly.

Another day passed, and they could at least report progress, so that after all the prediction made by Julian in irony at the time he took the observation had some little chance of being fulfilled, since half of the distance might be said to have been passed over, providing he had been fairly correct in his work, which he was not wholly willing to vouch for.

They dreaded the coming of night, too, with its mysterious shadows and the inquisitive stars above, for somehow it seems as though it might be a part of human nature to anticipate dangers in the dark much more than while the light of day lasts; nevertheless, they had been so wonderfully sustained thus far that they felt a new courage arising within, and began to fully believe that after all it might not be their destiny to perish, such is the sanguine nature of youth.

It turned out to be a very still night, the wind going down with the sun, and for hours they lay next to motionless upon the bosom of the sea, with the tiny wavelets gurgling affectionately over the end of the raft, wooing to secure slumber those who had been cast upon the mercy of the tide.

More heat was promised them with the coming of dawn, for the breeze turned out to be fitful and capricious, coming in puffs that reminded Julian of certain past experiences when squalls threatened.

Secretly neither of the lads liked the looks of things, for their progress was miserably slow, and it grew more threatening overhead as the day advanced.

Everything that could be done to keep the spars constituting the raft together during a severe blow had been attended to, and they could now only maintain as brave hearts as possible and await the inevitable.

Somehow none of them had thought to scan the horizon after the first eager observation at dawn, which had failed to produce satisfactory results; and in an idle moment Kwang, having picked up the glasses, amused himself by now turning to this quarter and then to that.

No one was watching the Celestial and when he uttered a sudden startled exclamation it thrilled them to the core.

Looking up they saw Kwang pointing excitedly toward the quarter from whence the puffy air proceeded, and realizing that something out of the common had occurred to thus electrify the Chinaman all scrambled to their feet, and immediately bent hurried and eager glances in that direction.

No one shouted, though a vessel was in plain sight, and bearing down upon them with more or less rapidity, as the eccentric breeze caught her bulky frame much more readily than was the case with the low-lying raft.

"A Chinese junk!" exclaimed Bob, with wonder, and not a little trace of alarm in his voice, because he had good reason to know that the coast along this region was infested with lawless characters, who for ages past had been reckoned as pirates, though in the event of a British man-o'-war arriving to make an investigation they would prove themselves hard-working, honest tillers of the soil, or of the sea, fishermen for the Hongkong market.

To fall into the hands of these scoundrels would hardly improve their condition, and it was on this acocunt that neither of the boys showed the least enthusiasm over the advent of this new factor in the game.

"How strangely she moves; just for all the world like a crab going backward. Why, I never saw a boat do that before, unless it was adrift," said Tressie, with wonder in her voice.

Julian gave a quick cry.

"That's it, by the holy smoke! the junk's deserted! The crew must have left her in the storm, believing she was sinking. Here's where we score, Bob, and kick a goal from

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the field!" was his enthusiastic boy-like way of putting it.

Tressie had never seen him so aroused, for his very eyes sparkled, and he evidently believed their trust had not gone astray.

Indeed, every one on the raft found reason to rejoice, for it began to look as though their condition might speedily be vastly improved.

The next thing on the program was to gain the side of the wonderful runaway junk that a benevolent fortune had provided for her favorites; for if no effort was made on their part the chances of the two floating objects coming together seemed remote.

"First of all down with the sail," suggested Bob, making a stride in that quarter as if to carry his idea into practice.

"Hold on, not quite so fast, old fellow. You see we've got to figure just how she comes, and then waylay her; to do which the sail may prove of more benefit than our muscles," exclaimed Julian, looking further ahead.

He took hold of the rudder, while Bob manipulated the sail under directions from the skipper, and in obedience to her helm, which she answered indifferently, and slowly, the clumsy raft began to slide off to one side a bit, so as to intercept the drifting junk.

It was an anxious time, indeed, and every eye noted the slow progress made, as well as the fact that the other craft was approaching quite rapidly, as her high stern caught the brisk squalls.

Now the waves were washing half over the bound spars, giving a promise of ugly things yet to come; but no one paid the least attention to such trivial annoyances, when so much was at stake in another quarter.

It began to appear to the keen-eyed Julian that unless they assisted the progress of the raft in other ways, the junk might blow past before they were able to get in its course; accordingly he bade Kwang use one of the oars, while Bob took the other.

There was a great commotion for the time being, and every one worked like a Trojan to effect the union that meant so much to their fortunes. Even little Tressie tried to help in her way, so great was the universal desire to gain the side of the junk; for the appearance of the sky gave abundant evidence that some sort of gale was brewing, and it seemed to have become a matter of life and death to them.

Bob gave a mighty weak shout, being exceedingly short of wind just then; but the others could appreciate his exalted feelings, for a sudden shift of the squally breeze started the deserted vessel straight for them. Nearer she came, stern foremost, with not a sign of life about her; and Julian, who had seized a bight of the rope which they kept fastened about the mast, prepared himself to leap aboard at the first available moment.

This thrilling story of youthful adventures in the far East will be continued next week. Our patterns and cameras are free to all subscribers. Please note our announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

# NO BABIES.

BY HARKLEY HARKER.

"We have no babies. Not one; and don't want any."

"Never had any?" I asked, in reply.

"Never had any. Ours is a very quiet home," responded my old college friend, as we walked along the street on a burning summer's evening.

I went to this very quiet home. It was beautiful, rich, and quiet as the grave.

In all that great house there were only two voices that ever spoke in love. The other voices were those of servants in replies to orders, or in harsh chatter among themselves. This man's wife, though wed at twenty, and his good mate these ten years, was an old maid, to all intents and purposes. The house was everywhere as fussy as an old maid's own chamber. She had a cat and a dog. The dog was the baby. It was washed, coddled, dressed, and fed like a baby. It went to ride with us—an advertisement of the childlessness of that home to every discerning person in the park.

No baby! And yet I noticed that the husband himself was forced to be the baby. I am sure he liked it. She—almost—cut his food for him at the table, picked out the most toothsome portions for his plate, and—almost adjusted his napkin. I am sure she puts the napkin on him half the time, when no strangers are around the board. Of course it wasn't really pretty. A handsome young mother's ways with a baby of proper size are indescribably pretty and charming. But this lady's baby was too big. He wore whiskers, and could sing bass. He had no baby ways, though I suspected that he probably put them on when the two were alone.

It reminded me of the first six months of my own wedded life. But somehow within a year I had to be a man; our first baby compelled me to graduate and make room for him. I had to wipe my own tears, bind up my own small wounds, whine and whimper to myself, if I indulged these luxuries at all; and generally to run alone. You see, my wife could not attend both; me, as a baby, and the real baby also; indeed, she even went so far as to expect me to be self-reliant, cheerful and manly, for the sake of the real baby and her tired self. Dear heart, she gave me a noble confidence, a grand womanly love and devotion. In any great trial she was my sympathizing helpmate and good angel, and so continues to this day. But after our children began to come to us, baby I could be no longer. She seemed suddenly to wish me to be a giant, a warrior, a sort of rock for shelter in the storm, and all that sort of thing. In short, she began right away to call me papa and father. I concluded therefore that I would try to be father to the chits and also to their trustful, clinging mother.

You would never mistake Mrs. Harker for an old maid. There has come into her dear face a deep and ripened beauty, a light of unselfishness and womanly repose which cannot result from loving and attending a cat, a canary, or a poodle. She has lost that distressing self-consciousness of maids old or young, which makes their dresses seem "fussy" and their demeanor constrained and artificial. She has been forced to be unconscious of self in her care for others. Hence she is at ease in society; she knows human nature, and is not abashed by it; she knows human nature, too, in its purest and most lovely forms—that of childhood. She is accustomed to the best of society—that of children yet unsoiled by the world. She keeps good company—that of infancy. I can see that her study of her growing boys makes her alert toward the evil that is abroad, so that she is "as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove." If health is not broken by the unshared vigils of motherhood, if the husband is enough of a lion to keep the wolf of want and scantiness from the door, and be a generous provider, there is no wedded woman who is not more beautiful in a true husband's eyes with a baby in the house.

"But the baby keeps you awake o' nights."

"Yes; and so you pay in turn the debt you owe your parents. I hate to be in debt too deeply to this human family."

"But your baby is often taken sick."

"Yes; before you die you also will have a sick day. It will not be unpleasant then to feel that at least you have earned kind care and tender patient nursing."

"But your children may grow up to forget the debt."

"Quite likely, in a home as selfish as yours. It is well you have none."

"You are severe, old friend. However, you cannot deny that the proper training of children consumes a great deal of one's time."

"Time? What is time good for if not for good deeds? How do you prefer to spend your time? Making money. I change my mind. It is not so well that you are childless, for what are you to do with all your money when you die? Leave it to your nephews, who will count your breaths for the last ten years. Working very hard for these thankless other people's babies, are you not?"

"Zounds! You hit hard, old chum."

"Your opening remark gives me reason. You indicated exultation that God had denied you children. I beg to say that that showed you essentially a selfish man, and that, too, of the meanest kind. If a man is selfish in the markets for his children's sake—if for them he seems mean, grasping and hard, he is lovely in character beside the man who is selfish in hoarding his own fireside, bread and home delights. You are stingy with your domestic joys—so stingy that you are glad, and laugh to think no innocent, dependent little human creature is billeted on you."

"But when I see other people's offspring grow up to break their parents' hearts——"

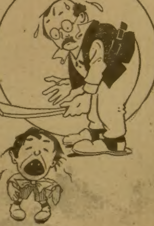
"Then I say I have not begotten fools nor villains. My children, I am hopeful enough to believe, are not of that kind. By God's help mine shall yet be a great comfort to me till I die. I am thankful for my boy's little arms about my neck; it is a burden that lifts me. His childish trust in me is a continual exhortation. I would die rather than forget that boy's esteem. My two little girls, with four soft hands, can rub the wrinkles from my brow in less time than the day's fret took to cut them. I would not take untold gold for the nightly prayers of my babies for me. When life looks old and the world colorless at times, I take a look at life and the world through my children's eyes, and all is new again. With them all is hope, and nothing worn threadbare; to be with them is to feel as they do. I expect my children to keep me young till they grow old, and then I'll use my grandchildren to keep my old soul warm."

"I'll adopt a baby or two."

"Do it, by all means. Discharge the cat and poodle. A live baby, adopted, is of more value than many canary birds. But even then you are still unfortunate. The children are not bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh. As they grow up some one will tell them as much, and the consequent look in their eyes will never wash out afterward, weep they ever so much in secret. You cannot see your wife's youth in the adopted daughter; cannot gaze on her maidenly face and see, as in a living photograph, the face with which you first fell in love, now scarred with time and fringed with gray. Your adopted son can never be your youthful self again to your fond old mate. Her woman's heart can never quite speak those thrilling words, which fill a woman's ecstasy, 'my boy!'"

"Come, come! I take it all back. I confess that a childless home has a continual shadow. I envy you. Have a fresh cigar."

# A Good Reason.



"Do you know why I whipped you?"
"'Cause I can't whip you, I s'pose."

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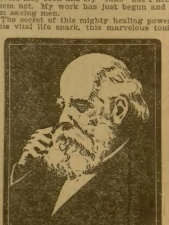
I have discovered the marvelous secret of perpetual life and vigor in men. To me it has been given to bring to the fallen, weary, worn-out brothers the knowledge of this priceless boon, and even to the uttermost ends of the earth I send my message of love and peace and hope and help. Unbelievers may scoff and cry "fake" but I heed them not. My work has just begun and I am saving men.

The secret of this mighty healing power, this vital life spark, this marvelous tonic fluid is known to me alone. It is mine to give to whom I will and my works go before me. Doubt not! I ask no man to believe me but I give to every weak man free this priceless boon and it restores him instantly to the strength and powerful vigor of youth. With this marvelous, mysterious compound, which I have discovered only after a lifetime devoted to search through all the realms of science, and the archives of the ancients, it is possible for every weak man to have for his own the glorious manly power, the untiring vigor and the long life of the patriarchs of Bible times. With this mysterious compound no weak man will ever again be troubled with impotency, vital losses, nightly emissions, spermatorrhea, varicocele, prematurity, defective power or lack of vital energy.



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Send me no money. It is my duty, guided by an Unseen Hand—it is my mission on earth—my life work—to lift up the fallen, heal the weak and cure the maimed or undeveloped; and to every man who has lost his vital power or finds it waning, I send my message of love and peace and health. I can save him and I will save him and restore him to many years of happiness and the impetuous vitality and vigorous manhood of perfect health and youth.

Remember, it matters not how old you are; it matters not how you lost your manhood, or when you lost it. It matters not what doctors or scoffers say. This is no ordinary drug or stimulating method of treatment, but it is the vital spark of life itself, and it matters not how many remedies and doctors have failed, I have repeatedly and instantly renewed the youth of old men. My secret compound never fails. I have often instilled into jaded men new vitality, health and strength. For worn-out men I have oft kindled, in an instant, and to stay, the sparkling vitality of youth. My private address is Dr. C. Sargent Ferris, 10 Strawn Building, Cleveland, Ohio, and I urge every weak man to come to me for I will give him undying strength, the supreme joy and happiness of perfect manliness. My wondrous discovery has startled the world by its miraculous effects, yet I seek not fame nor glory. It suffices me if I may be the humble instrument of Nature's greatest power in bringing all men into the enjoyment of their true manliness and I do it free. In the time allotted to me here on earth I shall do all that in my power lies to give my fellow-men the benefit of this great secret and my reward shall be in the knowledge that I have done unto others as I would that others should do unto me.

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## The New Rot.

By Shifty Sadie.

There is good in everything. A man may be ever so bad and still have good teeth.

In the weediest garden you will often find nice fat bugs and worms. Don't go about looking for the worst side of things. Always see the gilded side and you'll find it.

I say it is the duty of people to seek the best in everything. Overlook that which is disagreeable and hard to bear. Contemplate the bright side and cultivate cheerfulness.

The skinniest pig that ever rooted in the ground will make good soap grease. The toughest steak can be ground up in a meat grinder, disguised with spices and things and made into mince pies.

Even dyspepsia, that awful curse of humanity, has its lighter side. It saves food.

The man who has two mothers-in-law may take heart of hope, for he might have three or four or half a dozen.

The married man can be truly thankful that he is not single, and the single man thankful because he is not married. There is room for rejoicing on all sides.

The man who is alive should be thankful that he is not dead and the dead should be thankful that they don't have to pay rent for their tombs.

The rich should be glad they are not poor and the poor should feel grateful that they did not starve to death last year.

Let the fat man rejoice that he is no fatter than he is and the thin man sing because he has skin and bones left.

The man with a large family should feel good that he is not lonesome and the one with the small one that he don't have to spend every cent he has in the world to take the bunch to a show once a year.

If it rains be glad the rain isn't bricks. Show your teeth the most of the time and you will soon find life one long jag of joy.

## Definition of Gambling.

In London recently a number of well-known gentlemen were hauled before the magistrate of a provincial town. The defendants were interested in a bazaar promoted on behalf of the local hospital and one of the attractions had been a "spring jenny" or teetotum which the prosecution alleged was a "game of chance," and rendered the participators in it liable to be proceeded against. A local grocer, in giving evidence for the prosecution, was exceedingly severe on the unfortunate defendants.

"Now, look here, Mr. X——," broke in one of the defendants at length, "how would you define the term 'gambling?' "

The grocer declared that "anything was gambling when you didn't know what you were goin' to get for your money."

"Indeed!" retorted the defendant, turning to the magistrate's clerk. "Will you make a note of that, sir? Mr. X—— himself is liable to be proceeded against."

" 'Ow's that?" shouted Mr. X——.

"I bought some eggs from you the other day," was the rejoinder, "and I never should have done so if I had known what I was getting for my money. It was a gambling transaction and I lost."

Mr. X—— sat down.

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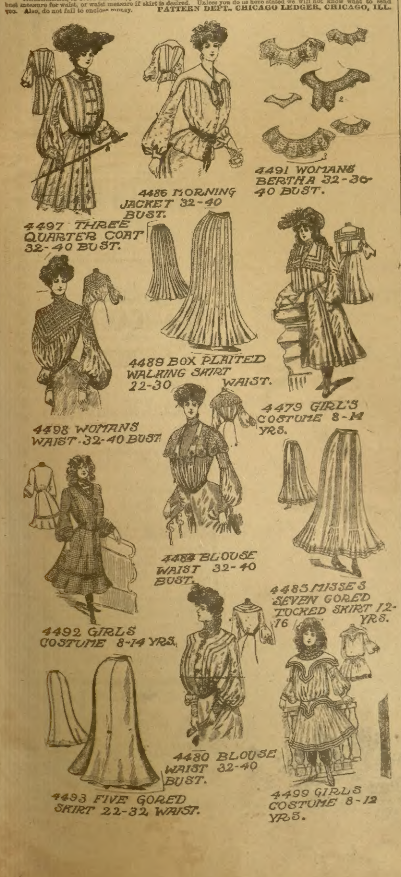
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# FOR YOUTHFUL EYES.

### The Trials of a Dressmaker.

Mamma, I want a needle and a nice long
piece of thread;
There's no fun sewing with a pin, it has
too big a head,
I want to learn to hem and stitch, just
like you're doing now;
I want to put the gathers in, mamma;
please show me how!
I want a pair of scissors, too—oh, dear, my
needle dropped!
Please move your chair a little bit, I know
just where it popped.
Oh, here it is! My thread is gone; I'll take
some off the spool.
Look! I can reach it all myself by standing on the stool.
Oh, dear! It's very funny, but this needle
shuts its eye,
And will not let the thread go through,
although I try and try!
Will you, mamma? It won't take long; but
threading's hard, you see;
I'm sure you think I'm sewing well—a little
girl like me?
I want to make this dress myself, as
Dolly's mother should;
Please let me work on your machine,
mamma, I know I could.
Where is my thimble? Oh, dear me! I
can't put gathers in
Without a thimble to push through, I really
can't begin.
What shall I do? I'm sure it's hid quite
close, but out of sight.
Mamma, you'll have to move again, you're
sitting in the light.
There now! I've hunted all around—I cannot understand!
Well! Did you ever! Here it is—quite safe
upon my hand."

### Drummer, the War Dog.

After going through three campaigns Drummer, the famous war dog of the Northcumberland Fusiliers, was poisoned recently at Colchester. Drummer was all through the Egyptian campaign, and was present at the battle of Omdurman, where, it is said, "he snapped at the bullets as if they were flies." He went to South Africa with the first regiments sent out, and was present at Magersfontein, where his then master, Major Ray of the Northcumberland Fusiliers, was killed.

When General French relieved Kimberley Drummer was one of the first to enter the town, where he was greeted by Cecil Rhodes, who presented him with a biscuit.

At Wynberg, he was wounded in the shoulder, and Queen Victoria signified her intention of presenting him with a medal when he returned from South Africa, but the war office raised objections.

Drummer, however, had several miniature medals and clasps, representing Diamond Hill, Johannesburg, Paardeberg, Driefontain, Belmont and Modder River.

He possessed the distinction of being the only dog Lord Methuen allowed to accompany his column from Orange River, and last year the "Dogs' Annual" was dedicated to him accompanying the dedication being an article of praise on the old canine campaigner.

Drummer assisted at the pacification of Crete and also saw considerable "foreign service" at Gibraltar.

At the time of his lamented death he was the property of Colonel Ray (father of Major Ray), principal medical officer at the Colchester depot.—The London Express.

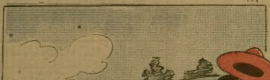
### The Game of Rhymes.

One of the party thinks of a word which rhymes with some simple, easy word. Supposing, for example, that he thinks of the word "hat." He must tell the rest of the company that it rhymes with cat.

They then proceed to question him, and the interrogations and answers occur something after this manner:

"Is it a small unpleasant animal?"
"No, it is not a rat."
"Is it used in cricket?"
"No, it is not a bat."
"Is it something under our feet?"
"No, it is not a mat."
"Is it applied to stout people?"
"No, it is not fat."
"Is it worn on the head?"
"Yes, it is a hat."

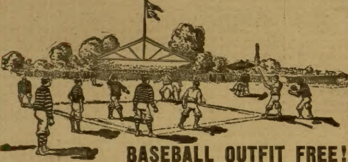
### A HIGH STEPPER.



A boy by the name of Mull Depper
Once lived in the town of Culpeper;
He harnessed a pig
And drove out with the rig—
Oh! I tell you he was a high stepper!
They went to the fair,
They danced in the air,
This pig and the boy from Culpeper.
On the top of his head
Were some ringlets of red,
And his eyes were as blue as the ocean.
Wherever he went
He lived in a tent,
And created a mighty commotion

The pig was uncommon in color and size,
Mull Depper declared it a treasure and
prize,
So he drove out each day,
And was jolly and gay,
For he said it was very befitting
To ride through the air
And drive away care
While the women were washing and knitting.
Howe'er that may be,
The children with glee
Talked over in sleep the whole matter;
While the harnessed up pig
Grew more handsome and big,
And ran about just to grow fatter.

They fed him on peanuts and ice cream and
jelly;
They made him feel good and quite lively
and—well he
Just ran like a deer;
Oh! wasn't it queer
That a boy by the name of Mull Depper,
Who wore not a wig,
And cared not a fig
To labor or dig,
Could dance on a twig,
A reel or a jig,
Should find such a pig
To make up a rig,
In the town that is known as Culpeper?



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